

"Thrilling, blood-soaked
exploration of Eddie
Brock's dark alliance
with Carnage."

- APT

EDDIE BROCK

CARNAGE



SOULE
SAIZ
RAMÍREZ
HOLLINGSWORTH

KILLING ME

MARVEL

"Marvel's veteran host and most sadistic symbiote butt heads to form a messy yet incredibly entertaining duo." – Comic Watch

EDDIE BROCK BONDS WITH A NEW SYMBIOTE TO BECOME **THE MOST LETHAL PROTECTOR OF ALL!**

HE'S BEEN VENOM, HE'S BEEN ANTI-VENOM, HE'S BEEN THE KING IN BLACK! Now Eddie Brock has made his darkest bond yet – with the one and only Carnage! But can he control his new other's endless bloodlust? Or will Eddie end up giving himself over to madness and murder? When he walks into a police station and asks to be arrested, you know there's going to be some trouble. But when he does so while bonded to Carnage, it's going to be a bloody nightmare. Embarking on a hunt for other serial killers, they are led straight to the brutal cyborg Bushwacker – and then the homicidal artist known as Muse. It's time for Eddie to prove he's the biggest, baddest host a murderous symbiote could ask for – because Carnage is out for blood, and he doesn't care whose it is! But while he's searching for murderers, Misty Knight is closing in on him!



COLLECTING **EDDIE BROCK: CARNAGE #1-5** – BY CHARLES SOULE, JESÚS SAIZ, JUANAN RAMÍREZ, MATT HOLLINGSWORTH, ANTONIO FABELA AND ERICK ARCINIEGA

T+

MARVEL

EDDIE BROCK

CARNAGE



KILLING ME

Once upon a time, **EDDIE BROCK** was the King in Black and host to the symbiote Venom. Once upon a time, **CARNAGE** was a symbiote that grew so powerful that it was able to wreak havoc without the need of a host. Everything changed during an all-out war between Eddie, his son, Dylan, and a future version of himself known as Meridius for control of Venom and the future.

Both Eddie and Carnage were fatally wounded, and their only hope for survival was to bond with each other. Can the most experienced symbiote host in human history tame Carnage? Or will the most bloodthirsty symbiote bend Eddie to its will? Either way, it's a match made in Hell.

EDDIE BROCK CARNAGE

VOL. 1

KILLING ME

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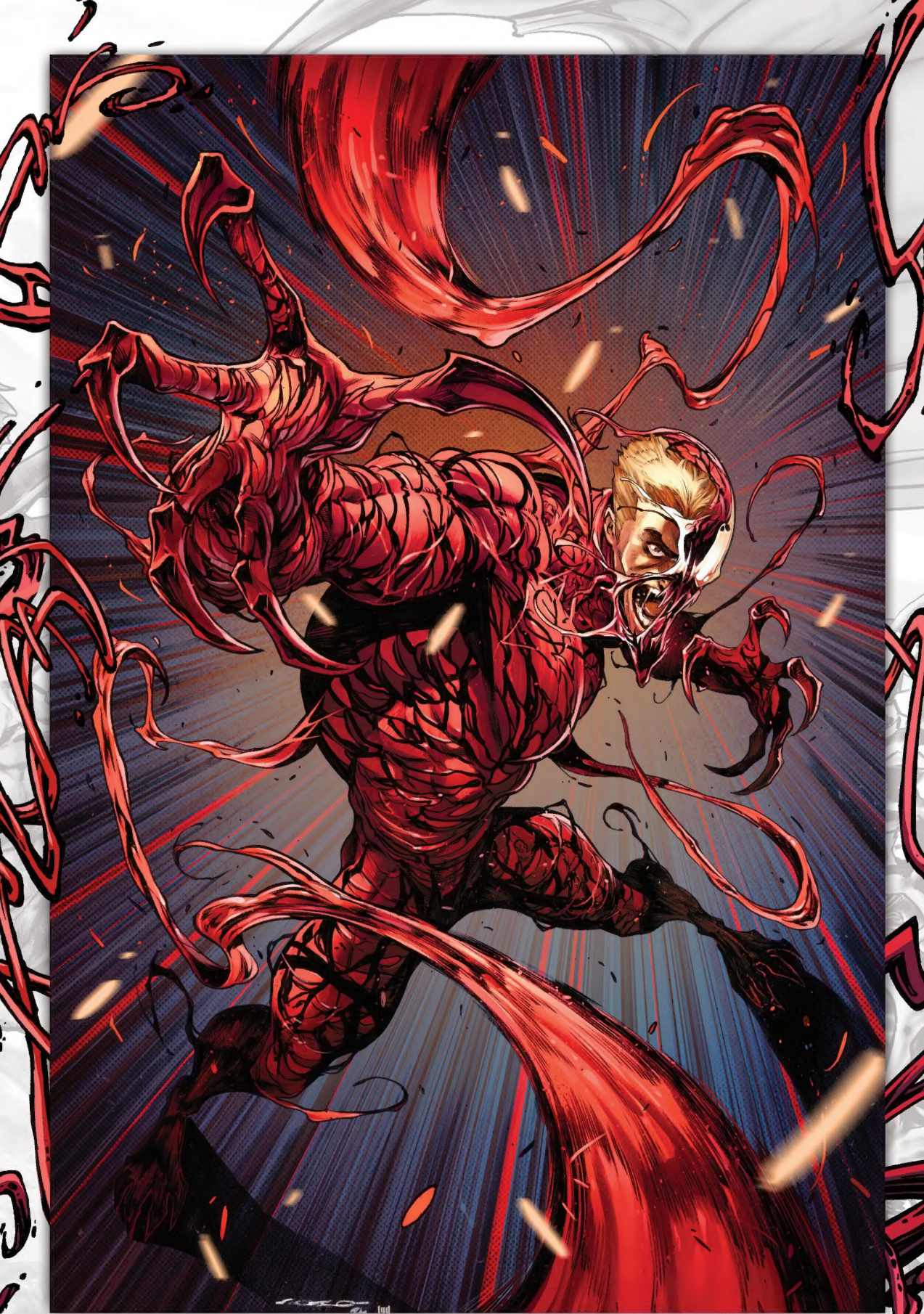
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ONE

ABOVE.

I have to kill someone on this plane.

Yes, Eddie. You do.

What's taking you so long?

There are people all around you.

Just choose one and get it done.

What are you waiting for?

Are you getting cold feet?

Cold feet. Cold feet. Heheh. Reminds me of a funny story.

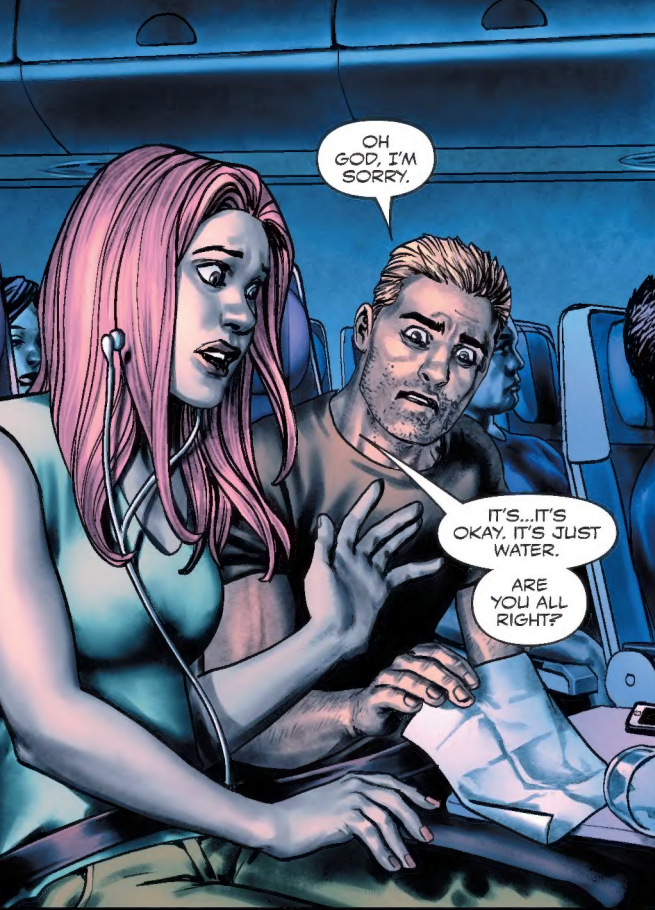
I killed someone once by hanging them over a vat of liquid nitrogen and lowering them down an inch at a time.

As pieces froze, they got heavy and then they just...fell off. Splash!

Kill someone, Eddie Brock! Kill someone right now!

ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME, EDDIE?

ENOUGH!



OH
GOD, I'M
SORRY.

IT'S...IT'S
OKAY. IT'S JUST
WATER.
ARE
YOU ALL
RIGHT?



I'M NOT
FEELING VERY
WELL.
BUT DON'T
WORRY.
IT'S NOT
CONTAGIOUS.

That's right,
Eddie.



KRKCH

I'm all
yours.



Just checking in,
Eddie. You okay?
I don't like this.

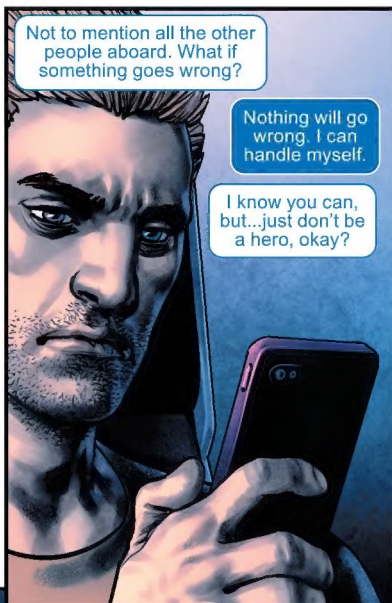


This was the only way
to be sure. Hopscotch
is on this plane, Bailey.

I'll find him, get the
I.D., then you can tell
the cops where to
look. It's a good plan.

Yes, but you're
stuck on an
airplane with
a **killer**.

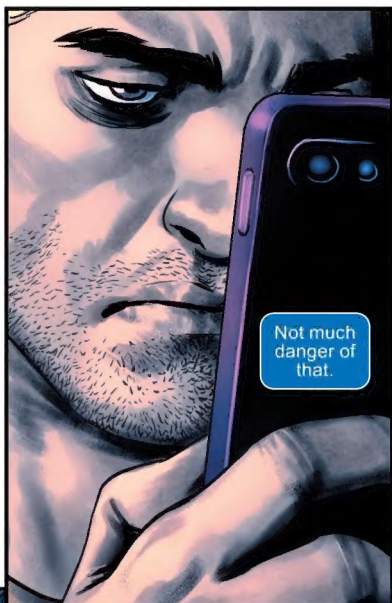
You certainly
are.



Not to mention all the other people aboard. What if something goes wrong?

Nothing will go wrong. I can handle myself.

I know you can, but...just don't be a hero, okay?



Not much danger of that.



Okay. Let's find this guy.

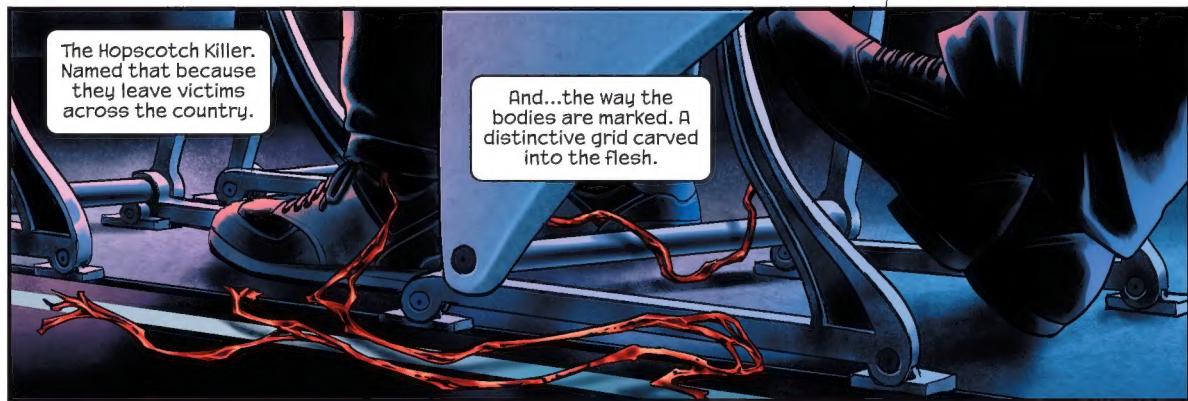
Finally.

White male, late 30s early 40s, seasoned traveler, flying on business, alone. That's the profile Bailey put together from the police reports.

Don't take too long, Eddie.

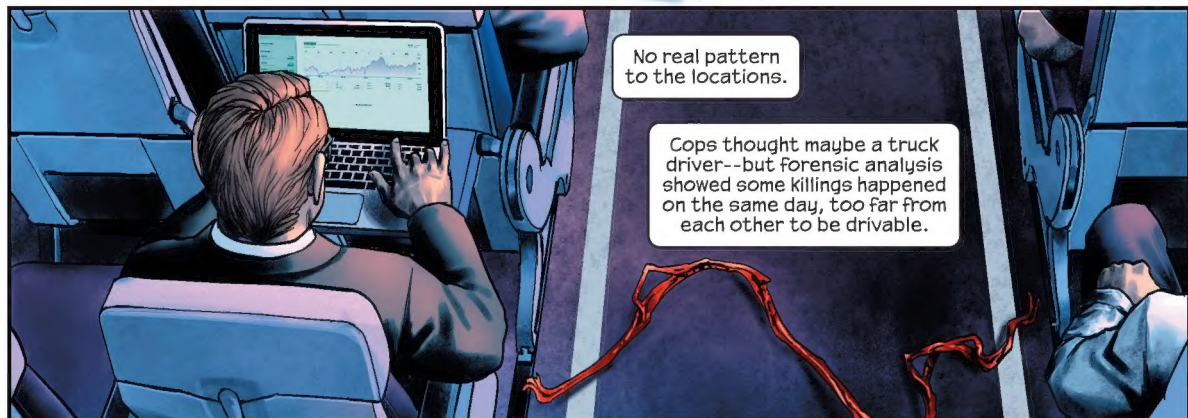


I'm getting anxious.



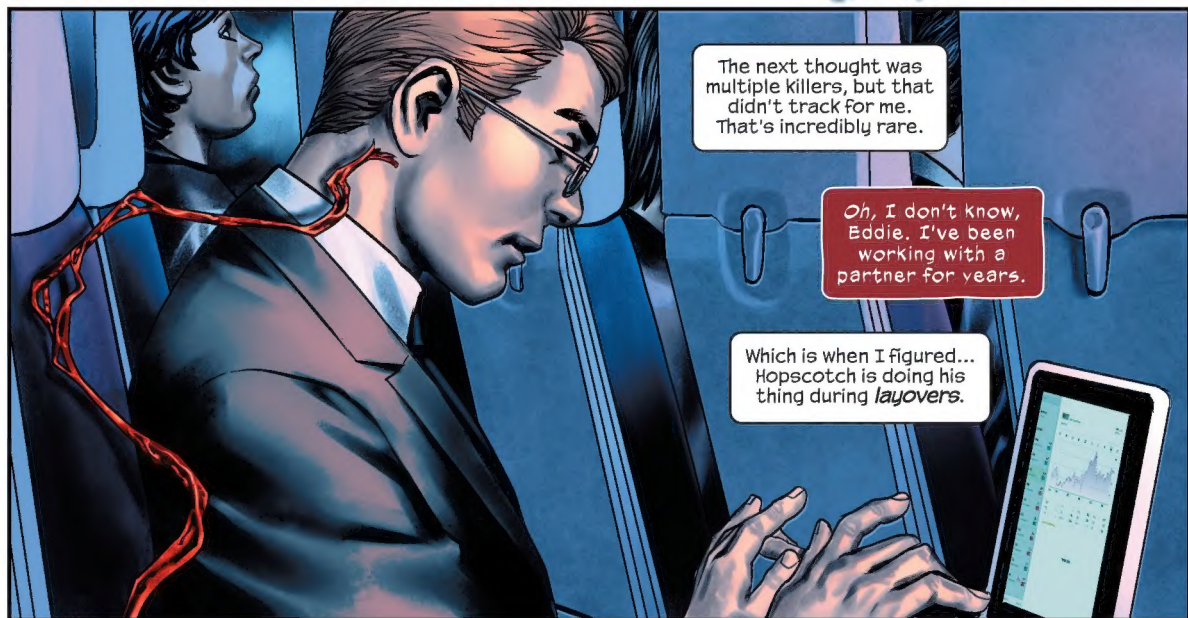
The Hopscotch Killer.
Named that because
they leave victims
across the country.

And...the way the
bodies are marked. A
distinctive grid carved
into the flesh.



No real pattern
to the locations.

Cops thought maybe a truck
driver--but forensic analysis
showed some killings happened
on the same day, too far from
each other to be drivable.



The next thought was
multiple killers, but that
didn't track for me.
That's incredibly rare.

Oh, I don't know,
Eddie. I've been
working with a
partner for years.

Which is when I figured...
Hopscotch is doing his
thing during *layovers*.



Yes. You're very clever.
Cut to some very
boring time spent in
airports until I sniffed
out a killer...

LET'S JUST
FIND HIM.

Agreed. Let's just
take a look beneath
the hood here...

I can see their lives.
Their memories.

Thanks
to me.

A comic book panel featuring a man with light brown hair, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie. He has red-rimmed glasses and a shocked or intense expression, with his mouth open as if shouting or gasping. He is sitting at a desk with a laptop in front of him. The background is dark and indistinct.

I can see their lives.
Their memories.

Thanks
to me.



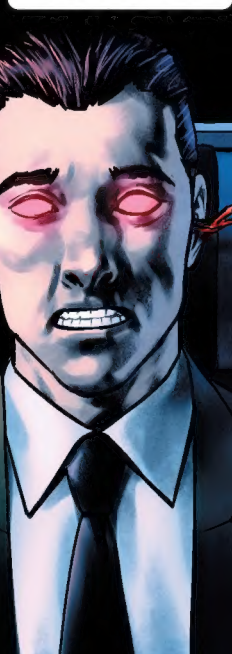
It's...like when I was the King in Black, all those moments at once.

A close-up comic book panel of a man with glowing red eyes and a pained expression, wearing a white shirt and dark tie. The image is rendered in a high-contrast, stylized comic book art style with a blue and red color palette. The man's face is the central focus, with his eyes glowing a bright red. He has a pained or intense expression, with his mouth slightly open. He is wearing a white dress shirt and a dark, possibly black, necktie. The background is dark and indistinct, with some blue and red highlights suggesting an indoor setting. The overall mood is one of intense emotion or conflict.

It's nothing like that.



I can see everything they've ever been.



They've never killed *anyone*.

None of these people are the Hopscotch Killer.

We've got it wrong.

You've got it wrong, Eddie...

...but you *better* get it right.

They've never killed *anyone*.

None of these people are the Hopscotch Killer.

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We've got it wrong.

You've got it wrong, Eddie...

...but you *better* get it right.



You're *sure* the killer's on this plane?

Yes. I can sense them. A death-dealer. Someone who lives in the ashes of pain. A mirror.

They're here.



THEY BETTER BE.

EXCUSE ME? WHAT?



It's *none* of these people. Not one of them is the killer.

Are you *lying* to me, Carnage?

Why would I do that, Eddie? This is what I want.

I'm telling you the truth. Your serial killer is here.



BUT I'VE SEEN EVERY MIND ON THIS PLANE. EVERY PASSENGER, THE FLIGHT ATTENDANTS...



OH MY GOD.



IT'S THE PILOT.



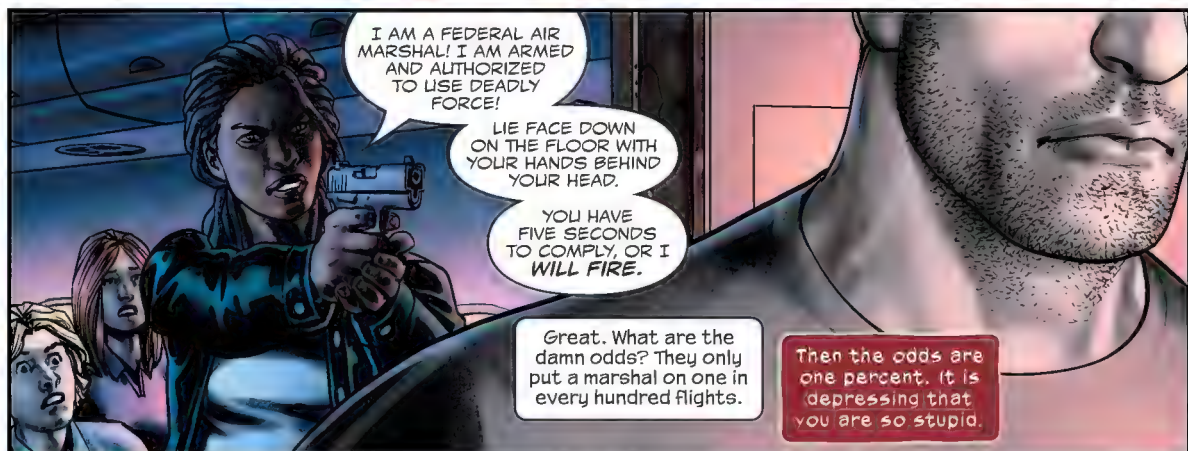


Fantastic.

Which one?

There's an easy way to solve this problem.

Kill them both.



I AM A FEDERAL AIR MARSHAL! I AM ARMED AND AUTHORIZED TO USE DEADLY FORCE!

LIE FACE DOWN ON THE FLOOR WITH YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEAD.

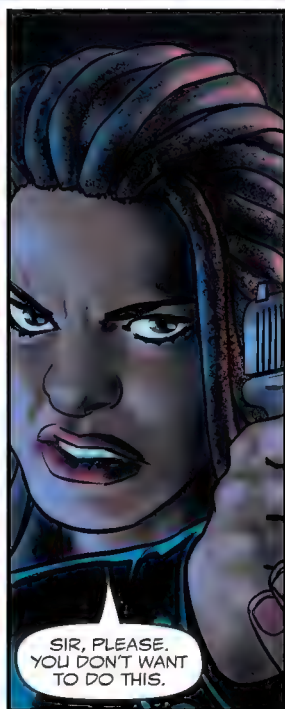
YOU HAVE FIVE SECONDS TO COMPLY, OR I WILL FIRE.

Great. What are the damn odds? They only put a marshal on one in every hundred flights.

Then the odds are one percent. It is depressing that you are so stupid.



But we can solve this problem too.



SIR, PLEASE. YOU DON'T WANT TO DO THIS.



THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING.

BANG

I'M SORRY, SIR.

So am I.

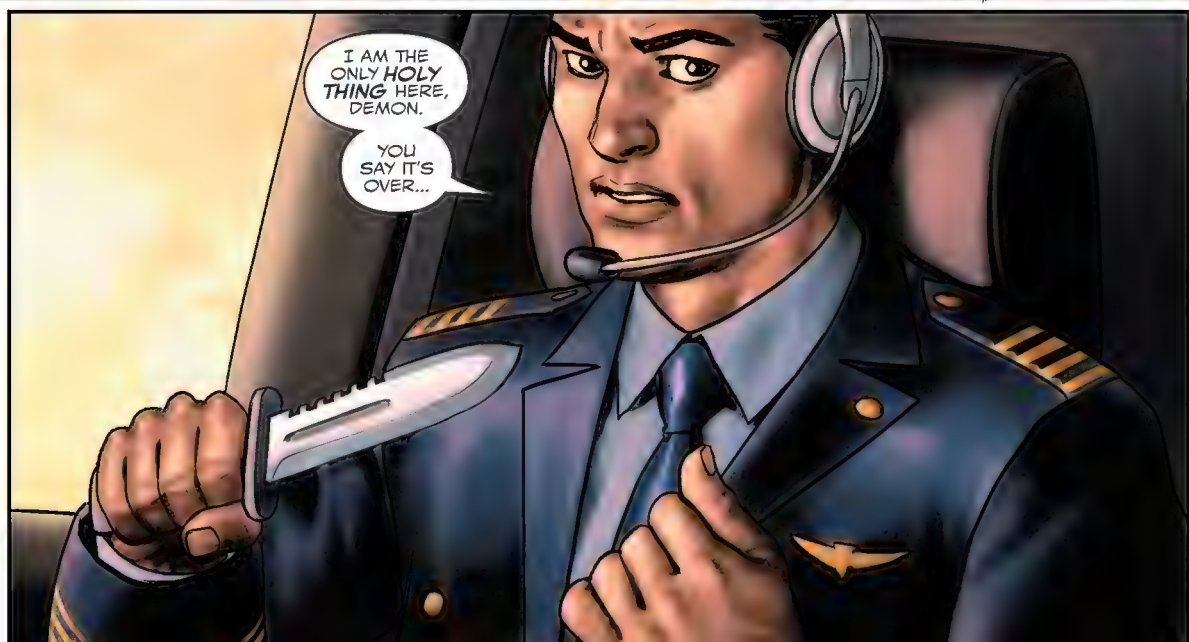
SFFFVICH

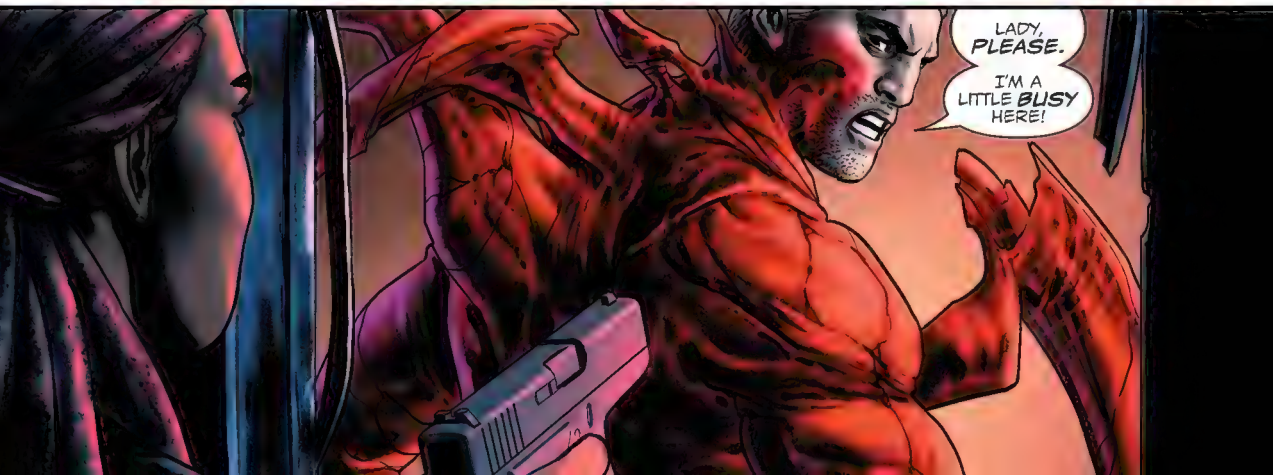
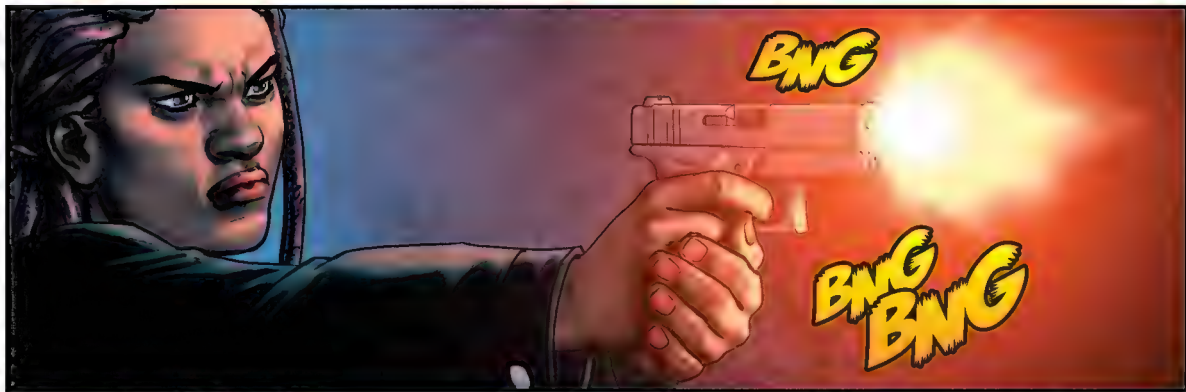
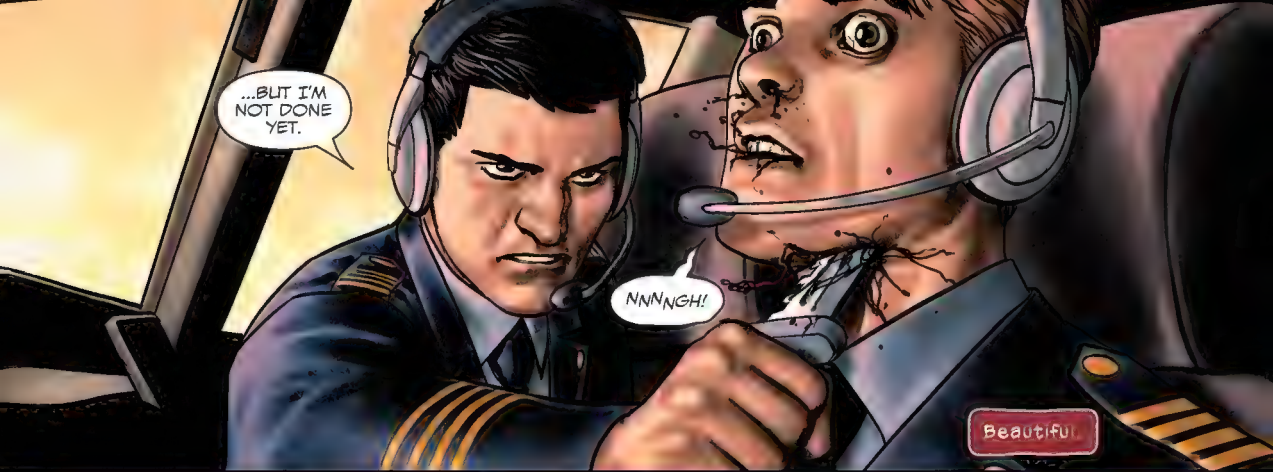
FSSK

WHAT
THE--?

TINK

One problem
solved.









KRORSL

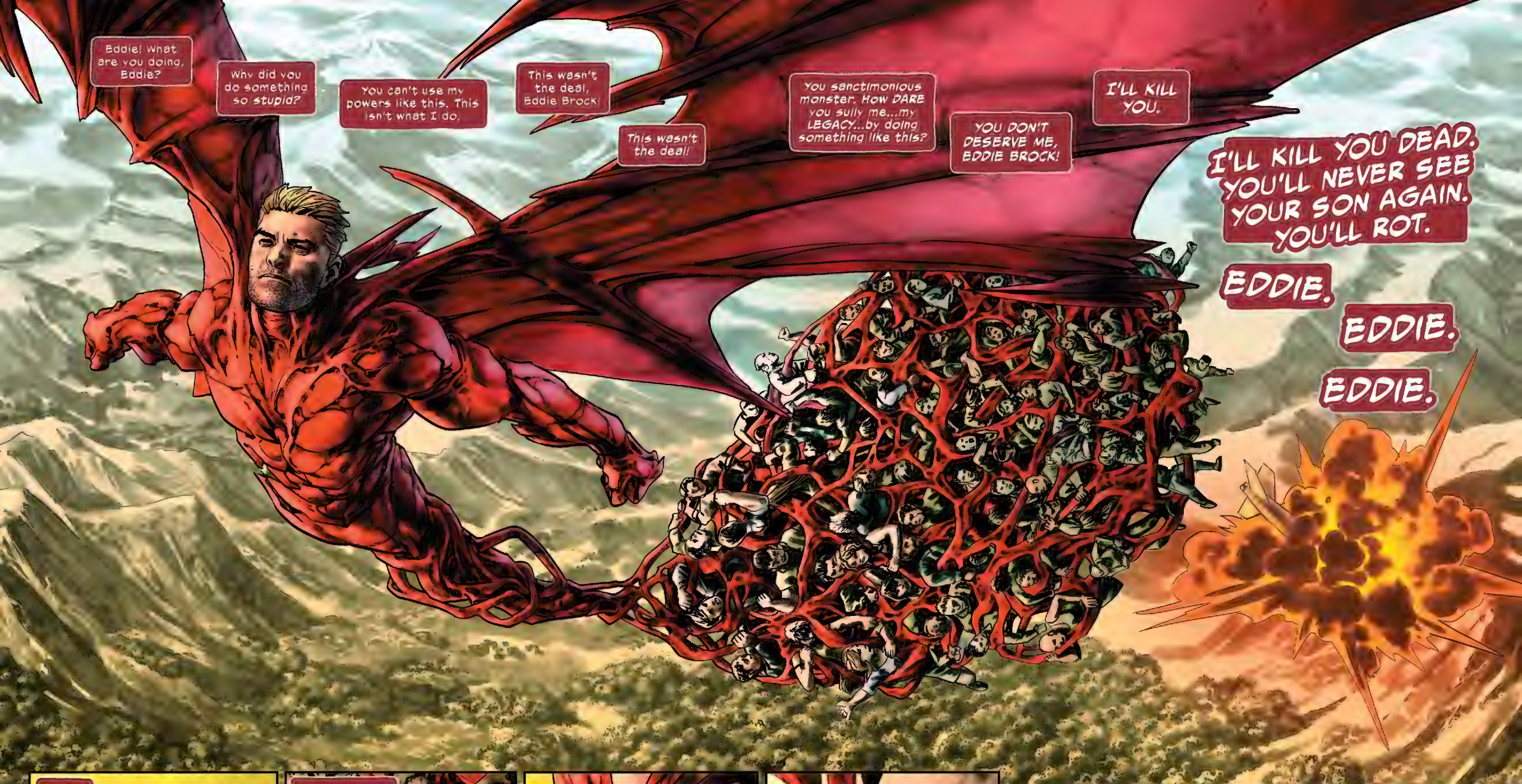
Oh.

This feels...

It feels
so...

...good.





Eddie! What are you doing, Eddie?

Why did you do something so stupid?

You can't use my powers like this. This isn't what I do.

This wasn't the deal, Eddie Brock!

This wasn't the deal!

You sanctimonious monster. How DARE you sully me...my LEGACY...by doing something like this?

YOU DON'T DESERVE ME, EDDIE BROCK!

I'LL KILL YOU.

I'LL KILL YOU DEAD. YOU'LL NEVER SEE YOUR SON AGAIN. YOU'LL ROT.

EDDIE.

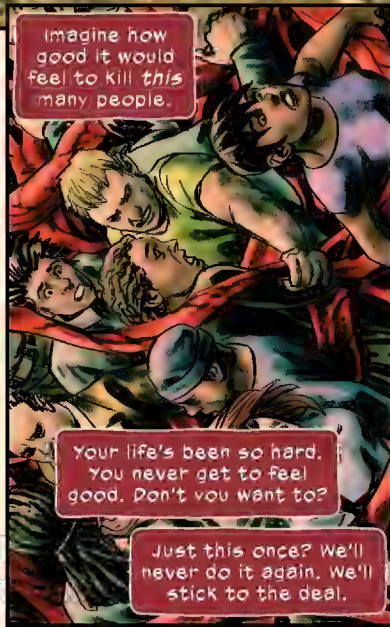
EDDIE.

EDDIE.



Eddie.

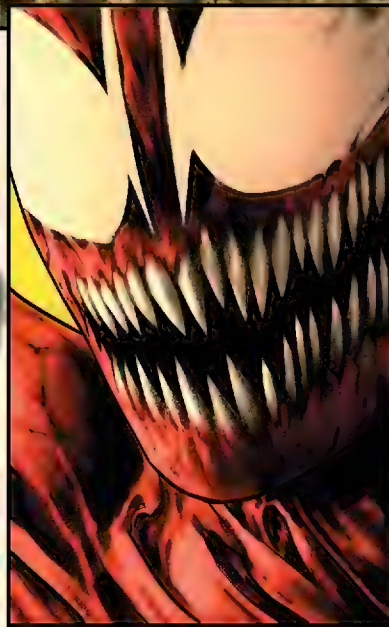
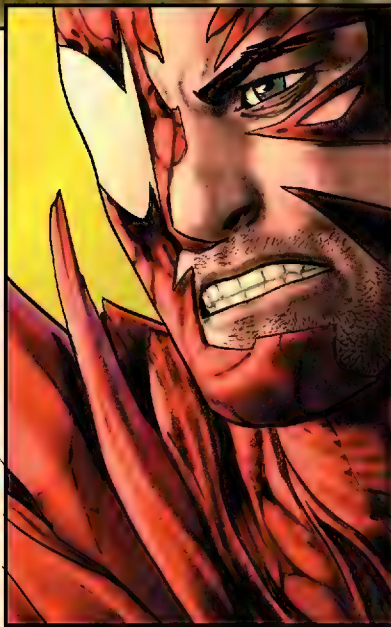
Do you remember how good it felt when you killed Hopscotch?



Imagine how good it would feel to kill *this* many people.

Your life's been so hard. You never get to feel good. Don't you want to?

Just this once? We'll never do it again. We'll stick to the deal.



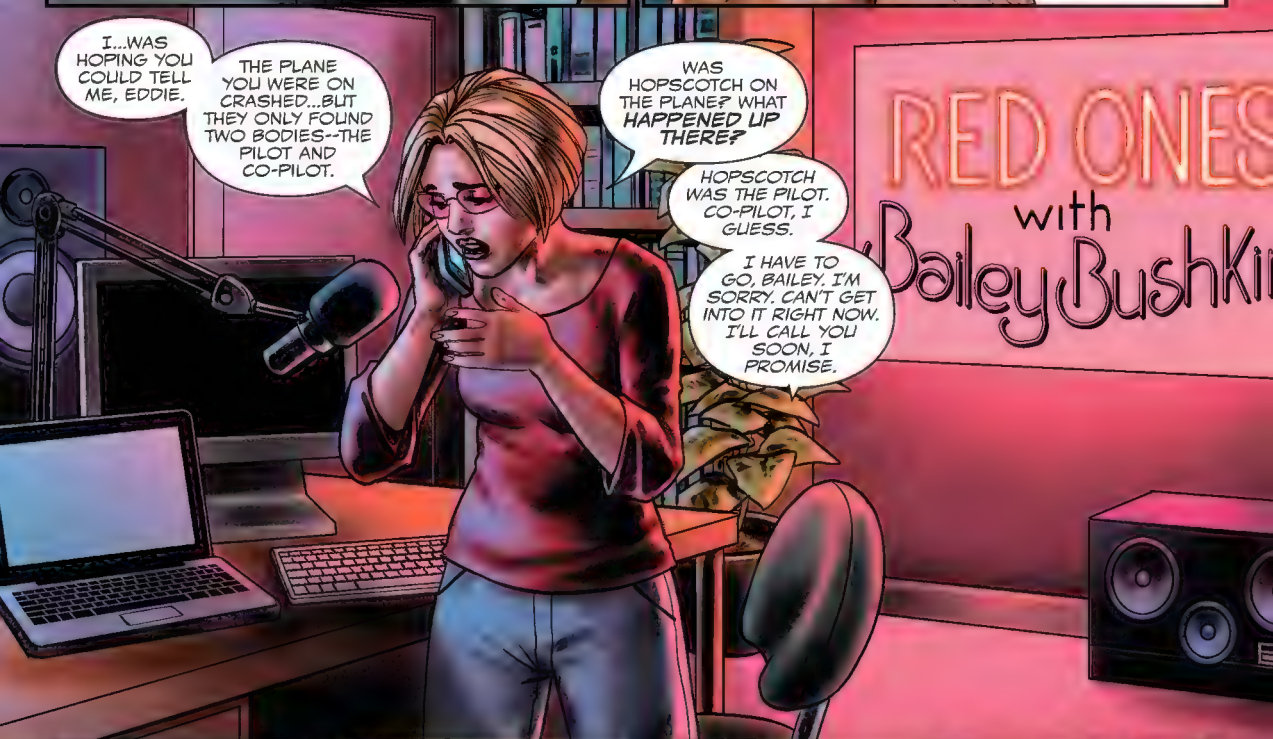




BAILEY.

EDDIE!
THANK GOD
YOU'RE ALIVE. I'VE
BEEN CALLING...WHAT
HAPPENED? THIS
IS INSANE.

THE PLANE.
BAILEY. WHAT
HAPPENED TO THE
PLANE AND THE
PASSENGERS?



I...WAS
HOPING YOU
COULD TELL
ME, EDDIE.

THE PLANE
YOU WERE ON
CRASHED...BUT
THEY ONLY FOUND
TWO BODIES--THE
PILOT AND
CO-PILOT.

WAS
HOPSCOTCH ON
THE PLANE? WHAT
HAPPENED UP
THERE?

HOPSCOTCH
WAS THE PILOT.
CO-PILOT, I
GUESS.

I HAVE TO
GO, BAILEY. I'M
SORRY CAN'T GET
INTO IT RIGHT NOW.
I'LL CALL YOU
SOON, I
PROMISE.

RED ONES
with
Bailey Bushkin



WAIT...
WHAT? EDDIE,
YOU NEED TO
TELL ME
WHAT'S--

BEEP

IT'S
TIME TO
TALK.



FACE-TO-
FACE.

Of course,
Eddie.

BELOW.

I'M
HERE FOR
YOU.

WHATEVER
YOU NEED.

WHAT I NEED,
IS FOR YOU TO TELL
ME WHAT HAPPENED
BACK THERE.

WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THE PASSENGERS
ON THAT PLANE?
HOW DID I GET
BACK TO THE
HOTEL?

I'VE GOT
MISSING TIME,
AND THE ONLY
EXPLANATION IS
YOU. TELL ME
WHAT YOU
DID.

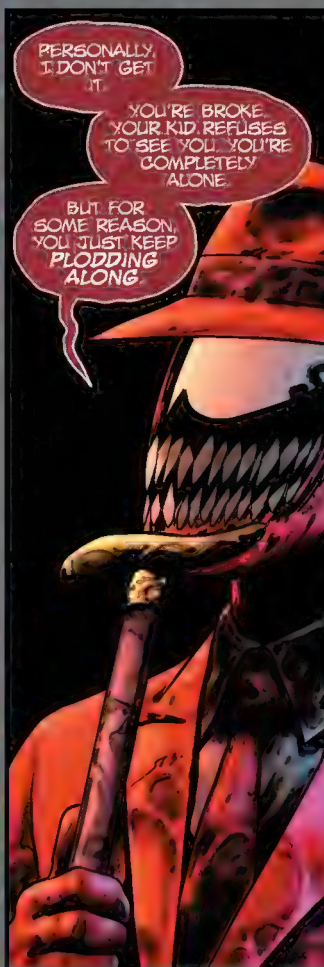






THERE'S ONLY ONE THING YOU CAN DO TO ME, AND WE BOTH KNOW YOU WON'T DO IT. IF YOU DIE, I DIE. BUT THAT'S NOT HAPPENING.

I CAN SEE INTO YOUR MIND, EDDIE. YOUR **SOUL** YOU'RE NOT SUICIDAL.



PERSONALLY, I DON'T GET IT.

YOU'RE BROKE. YOUR KID REFUSES TO SEE YOU. YOU'RE COMPLETELY ALONE.

BUT FOR SOME REASON, YOU JUST KEEP **PLODDING ALONG**.



I'M ALL YOU'VE GOT.

BUT THAT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE A **BAD THING**.

I'VE BEEN **DIMINISHED** SINCE ALL THAT BUSINESS WITH MERIDUS. I'M NOT AS **INDEPENDENT** AS I ONCE WAS.



I NEED A HOST, AND YOU NEED A WAY TO TELL YOURSELF YOU'RE A GOOD PERSON.

WE BOTH GET WHAT WE WANT.

YOU DON'T JUST WANT A **HOST**, CARNAGE. YOU WANT TO KILL PEOPLE.



SO DO YOU, PAL. DON'T KID A KIDDER.

YOU WANT **POWER** TOO. YOU MISS THAT **OTHER** SYMBIOTE OF YOURS... THE **SIMPLETON**... **VENOM**.

YOU AREN'T THE KING IN **BLACK** ANYMORE... AND YOU MISS **THAT** TOO.

IN CASE YOU FORGOT, THIS WHOLE THING WE'RE DOING WAS **YOUR IDEA**.





ENOUGH CHITCHAT.
IT'S TIME TO
GET THIS TRAIN
MOVING.

YOU
NEED TO FIND
SOMEONE TO
KILL, KILLER.



BUT I WANT
SOMEONE WITH
POWERS THIS TIME.
I'M EVALUATING
THESE PEOPLE AS
POTENTIAL **HOSTS**.
AFTER ALL.

I WANT
SOMEONE
WITH **JUICE**.
OTHERWISE, WELL,
IT'S NOT A FAIR
FIGHT, IS IT?

FINE,
WHATEVER.
WHO?



OH, I'VE
GOT SOME IDEAS.
BUT IT'S NOT REALLY
MY CHOICE. OUT
THERE IN THE REAL
WORLD, YOU'RE
STEERING THIS
SHIP.

SO, MY GOOD
FRIEND EDDIE,
WHEN IT COMES
TO OUR NEXT
LITTLE HUNT...





THE NORTHERN ROCKY MOUNTAINS.



WHAT IN GOD'S NAME HAPPENED HERE?

OCEANIC AIRLINES FLIGHT 814 OUT OF JFK, BOUND FOR SEATTLE, WENT DOWN APPROXIMATELY FOUR HOURS AFTER TAKEOFF.

I'M AWARE THAT A PLANE CRASHED, AGENT.

AN AIRLINER SPREAD ACROSS A MOUNTAINSIDE LIKE JAM ON TOAST-- THAT WAS MY FIRST CLUE.

I NEED TO KNOW *WHY* THIS AIRCRAFT FELL OUT OF THE SKY. FIRST IMPRESSIONS ARE FINE. JUST GIVE ME A SENSE OF HOW IT LOOKS TO YOU.

HOW IT LOOKS, SIR? SURE.

IT LOOKS PRETTY DAMN WEIRD.





KEEP TALKING.

WELL, WE'RE STILL TAKING MEASUREMENTS, BUT YOU DID ASK FOR FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

BASED ON THE WRECKAGE SPREAD, THE AIRCRAFT HIT THE MOUNTAINSIDE WHILE STILL UNDER POWER, MORE OR LESS LEVEL.



THAT SUGGESTS A LOSS OF CONTROL--SO EITHER THE SYSTEMS FAILED OR THEIR OPERATORS DID.

PILOT ERROR, OR PILOT LOSS.

PILOT LOSS? YOU THINK THEY WERE KILLED? YOU THINK THIS WAS AN ATTACK?



"TOO EARLY TO TELL--BUT NO MESSAGES CAME THROUGH FROM THE PILOTS, FLIGHT ATTENDANTS OR PASSENGERS SUGGESTING TROUBLE.

"WHATEVER THIS WAS, IT HAPPENED FAST."



OKAY, SO THE CONTROL SYSTEMS PROBABLY FAILED, CATASTROPHICALLY, ALL AT ONCE.

UNLIKELY.

YOU'RE RIGHT. THIS IS ODD.

SIR, THAT'S NOT THE WEIRD PART.

WE'VE BEEN SCOURING THE WRECKAGE SITE FOR HOURS, BUT...



"...WE HAVEN'T FOUND A SINGLE BODY."



NOW, MR. BLACK, WE'D LIKE TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS, BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO ANSWER THEM. THAT'S YOUR RIGHT.

YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO AN ATTORNEY AND TO TALK TO THEM BEFORE WE ASK YOU ANY QUESTIONS. IF YOU CAN'T AFFORD ONE, ONE WILL BE PROVIDED TO YOU.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND ALL THAT, SIR?

I GET IT. BUT DON'T WORRY-- I'M HAPPY TO TALK.

THAT'S WHY I CAME HERE.

BUT I DON'T WANT TO TALK TO EITHER OF YOU.

I NEED DETECTIVE **CHUCK BRENTWOOD**.

DETECTIVE BRENTWOOD'S SHIFT IS OVER FOR THE DAY, SIR.

WHY DON'T YOU TELL US WHAT YOU WANT TO SHARE, AND WE'LL PASS IT ALONG.

NOPE. CALL HIM.

This is stupid, Eddie. A waste of time.

Just kill these two, and I'm sure your detective will rush right over.

Shut up, Carnage.

PASSENGER
MANIFEST JUST CAME
THROUGH FOR THE
FLIGHT. TOOK FOREVER
FOR THE AIRLINE
TO SEND IT.

PROBABLY
NOT THEIR FAULT.
THE MOUNTAINS
ARE AFFECTING THE
SATELLITE UPLINKS.
COMMUNICATIONS
ARE SLOW.



YOU
RECOGNIZE ANY
OF THESE
NAMES?

NOT AT
FIRST GLANCE.
SHOULD I,
SIR?



DUNNO.
MAYBE.

THE F.B.I.'S ALREADY
INVOLVED--ASKED FOR
THIS PASSENGER LIST
AS SOON AS I
GOT IT.



THE F.B.I.?
THIS SOON?
WHY?

THEY HAVE
DECLINED TO SHARE
THAT INFORMATION.
SURPRISE,
SURPRISE.

MAYBE
IT'S THE MISSING
BODIES, ALTHOUGH I
DON'T KNOW HOW THEY'D
HAVE HEARD SO QUICKLY.



"I'M STARTING TO GET
A LOT OF PRESSURE
FROM UPSTAIRS. MY
GUESS...

"...SOMEONE **VERY**
IMPORTANT WAS
ON THAT PLANE."





MR. BLACK, IT'S
A PLEASURE TO
MEET YOU. THE DUTY
OFFICER SAID YOU
HAVE SOMETHING
TO TELL ME.

I'M
DETECTIVE CHUCK
BRENTWOOD.

He smells
like death.

That tracks.

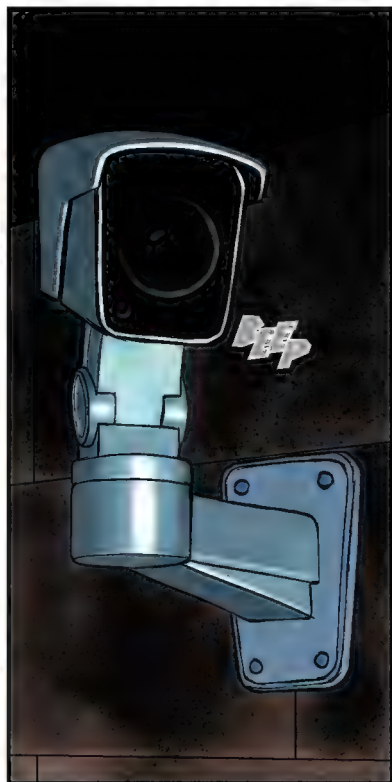
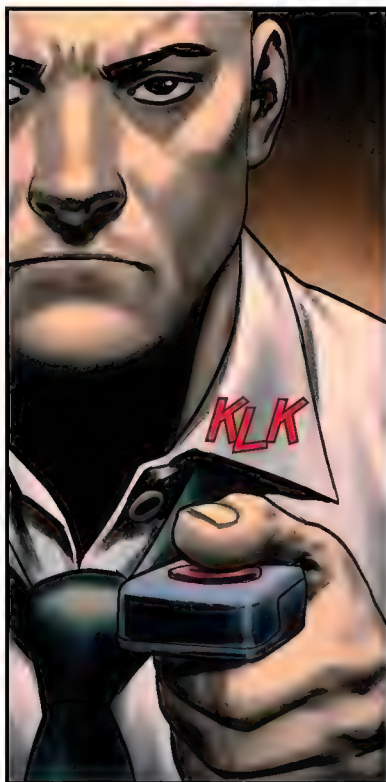


NO, YOU'RE
NOT.

EXCUSE
ME, SON?



DETECTIVE CHUCK
BRENTWOOD.





"BAD THINGS."



IT'S AN ALIEN. CALLED A SYMBIOTE. YOU EVER HEAR OF ANYTHING LIKE THAT?

BUDDY, I'VE HEARD ALL KINDS OF CRAZY GARBAGE IN THIS ROOM.

BUT MAYBE I DID HEAR ABOUT THOSE THINGS ONCE. IN ANOTHER LIFE. WHAT ABOUT 'EM?



I'VE GOT ONE. A BAD ONE. NAMED CARNAGE.

What are you doing, Eddie?

Just *talking*. Be patient. You'll get what you want.

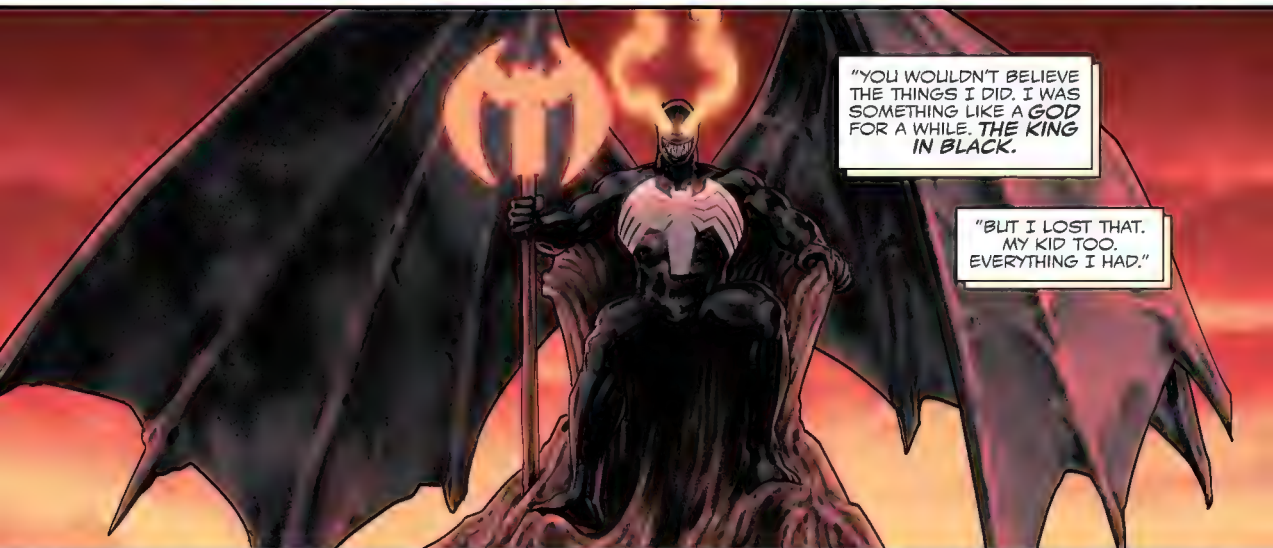
Need, Eddie. I need it.



"I'VE GOT EXPERIENCE WITH THESE THINGS. FOR A LONG TIME, I WAS BONDED WITH ONE CALLED VENOM.

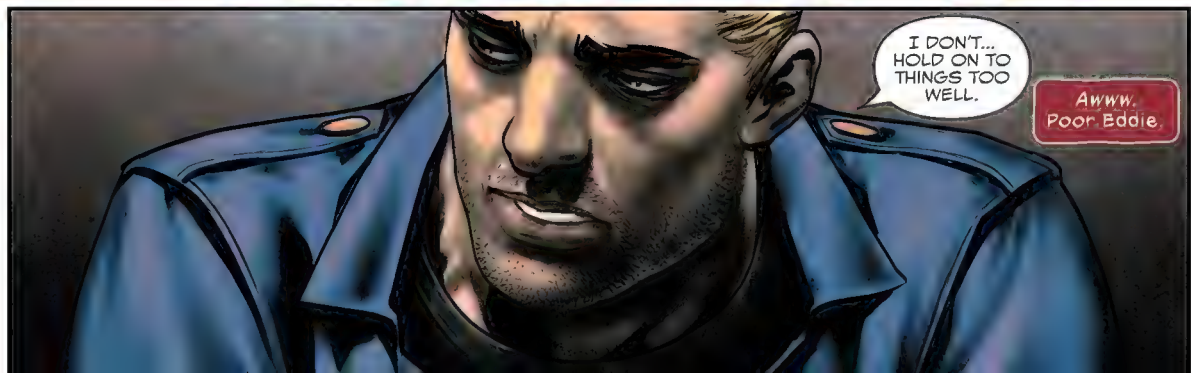
"IT'S VERY POWERFUL. I TRIED TO USE IT TO DO GOOD.

PFF



"YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE THINGS I DID. I WAS SOMETHING LIKE A GOD FOR A WHILE. THE KING IN BLACK.

"BUT I LOST THAT. MY KID TOO. EVERYTHING I HAD."



I DON'T... HOLD ON TO THINGS TOO WELL.

Awww. Poor Eddie.

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION. DENVER FIELD OFFICE.

"WE'RE UNDER A LOT OF PRESSURE HERE, PEOPLE."

Turns out the Air Marshal on Oceanic 814 is the cousin of a Bureau V.I.P.--and that particular V.I.P. is **CONNECTED**.

She's tight with the kind of people who fly around and shoot lasers out of their elbows and save the world.

She's coming out here--on the way as we speak--and I want to greet her with a nice, juicy lead.

So who's got something for me?

I...think I might, Agent Winters.

I've been running background on the passenger manifest.

Everyone on that flight is in the databases. Pretty much their whole life story.

Except for **this one, Elmer Blank**. I.D.s are real, but created just last week. Whoever this person is...

...they don't exist.

"AFTER I LOST VENOM, I HAD THIS CHANCE TO BOND WITH THIS OTHER SYMBIOTE I MENTIONED. **CARNAGE.**"

"THAT ONE'S A **BAD SEED.** IF VENOM WAS A GOD, CARNAGE IS THE DEVIL."

You're too kind

"CARNAGE GOT **HURT** IN THE SAME FIGHT THAT MADE ME LOSE VENOM. THERE WAS THIS **SPEAR**, AND--"

"--IT DOESN'T MATTER."

CARNAGE WAS DYING. IT NEEDED A HOST. I WAS HURT TOO--I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO STOP IT FROM TAKING SOMEONE ELSE...AN **INNOCENT.**

I HAVE **EXPERIENCE** WITH SYMBIOTES. I THOUGHT... BETTER FOR **ME** TO BOND WITH IT THAN ANYONE ELSE.

SO THIS WAS A...**NOBLE SACRIFICE?**

"NOT ENTIRELY. I KNEW BONDING WITH A SYMBIOTE WOULD HEAL MY INJURIES. I DIDN'T WANT TO DIE."

"AND BEING WITH A SYMBIOTE... TO CALL IT A **RUSH** DOESN'T DO IT JUSTICE. I'D LOST SO MUCH. I WANTED A TASTE OF MY OLD LIFE."

"EVEN IF IT WAS WITH **CARNAGE.**"

NEITHER OF US REALIZED JUST HOW DAMAGED CARNAGE REALLY WAS. IT'S NOT AS... INDEPENDENT.

ALL ITS POWERS ARE MINE--I CONTROL THEM.

CARNAGE CAN ONLY DO TWO THINGS ON ITS OWN. IT CAN TALK TO ME. IT DOES THAT A LOT.

The little voice in your head, Eddie Brock.

WHAT'S THE SECOND THING?

IT CAN KILL ME. SNAP OF A FINGER. BANG.

I'M DEAD.

Bang. You're dead.



"KILLING'S ALL CARNAGE CARES ABOUT. IT NEEDS IT LIKE A DRUG."

"THE SITUATION WAS CLEAR. IF I DIDN'T GIVE CARNAGE DEATH, IT WOULD KILL ME INSTEAD."

"SO WE MADE A DEAL. I KILL SOMEONE EVERY SO OFTEN, AND IT LEAVES ME ALIVE."

"I JUST HAVE TO FIND THE **RIGHT** KIND OF PEOPLE. DEATHS I CAN LIVE WITH."

No pun intended.



THE **RIGHT** KIND? WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN?

SERIAL KILLERS. LIKE I SAID, I'M AN INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST. FOR A LONG TIME, KILLERS WERE MY BEAT.

I FIND MONSTERS AND USE CARNAGE'S ABILITIES TO TAKE THEM DOWN.

AS LONG AS I KEEP FEEDING IT DEATHS, IT MOSTLY LEAVES ME ALONE UP HERE.



BUT WE BOTH KNOW THAT IF ONE OF THEM EVER KILLS **ME**, CARNAGE WILL JUMP OVER, TAKE THEM AS ITS NEW HOST.

CARNAGE LIKES THAT. THIS WHOLE THING IS LIKE A **GAME** DESIGNED TO MAKE SURE CARNAGE HAS THE STRONGEST, DEADLIEST HOST.

No more than I deserve.



IT WAS WORKING, KIND OF. BUT NOW IT'S GETTING **COMPLICATED**.

I'VE GOT... **MISSING TIME**. IT SEEMS LIKE CARNAGE CAN TAKE THE WHEEL. BLANK ME OUT.

THERE WAS THIS **AIRPLANE**. HUNDREDS OF PASSENGERS. I THINK MAYBE CARNAGE KILLED THEM. OR I DID.



ANYWAY...YOU STARTING TO PUT IT TOGETHER YET, **DETECTIVE BRENTWOOD**? WHY I'M HERE?

I MEAN, IT'S NICE TO TALK ABOUT ALL THIS TO SOMEONE... BUT THAT'S NOT THE ONLY REASON.



WHAT I'M
PUTTING TOGETHER
IS THAT YOU'RE JUST
ANOTHER SAD MANIAC
WASTING MY TIME.

I HAD **PLANS**
TONIGHT.



YEAH? LIKE SPENDING TIME WITH ANOTHER
HOMELESS PERSON YOUR OFFICERS
BROUGHT IN, SOME POOR SOUL YOU
COULD GET RELEASED INTO
YOUR CUSTODY?

SOMEONE
YOU'D TAKE TO YOUR
SOUNDPROOF BASEMENT
AND WORK OUT YOUR OWN
AWFUL IMPULSES ON,
SOMEONE NO ONE
WOULD MISS?



CAMERA'S
OFF, DETECTIVE
BRENTWOOD.

OR IS
IT DETECTIVE
BURBANK?

OR IS IT
BUSHWACKER?



NO ONE
CAN SEE US, YOU
MURDERING PIECE OF
##\$%&. WHAT HAPPENS
IN HERE STAYS
IN HERE.

QUESTION IS...
**WHAT'S GOING
TO HAPPEN?**



SOMETHING
LIKE THIS.

DENVER FIELD OFFICE.

I'D LIKE
TO INTRODUCE...
SENIOR SPECIAL
AGENT **MISTY**
KNIGHT.



MS. KNIGHT
HAS A LONG HISTORY
WITH LAW ENFORCEMENT,
FROM STINTS WITH THE
NEW YORK POLICE
DEPARTMENT, WORK
AS A PRIVATE
INVESTIGATOR...

...ASSOCIATIONS
WITH MORE, AH,
ESOTERIC ORGANIZATIONS
SUCH AS S.H.I.E.L.D., AND
NOW OUR OWN **ABERRANT**
CRIMES DIVISION.

HER COUSIN
WAS WORKING AS
AN AIR MARSHAL ABOARD
OCEANIC 814. SHE IS TO
BE AFFORDED EVERY
COURTESY.

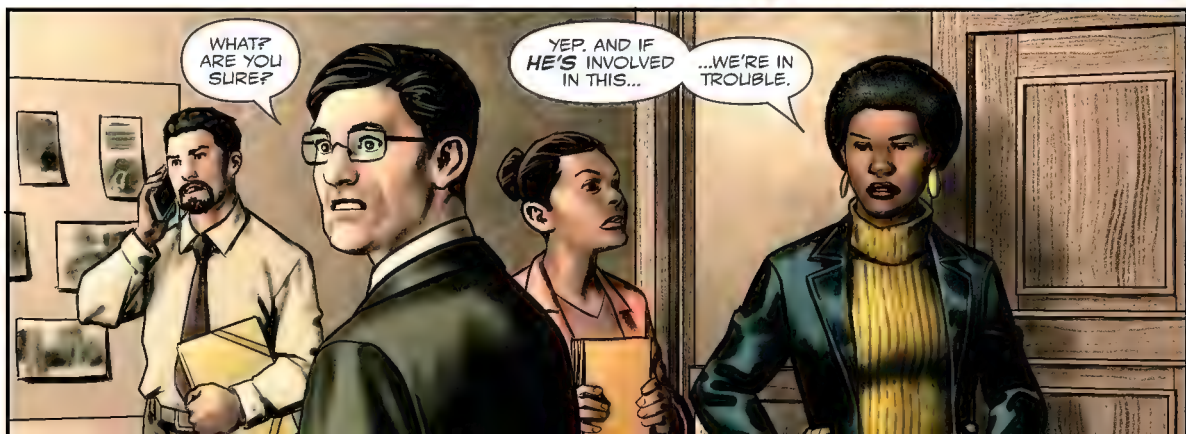
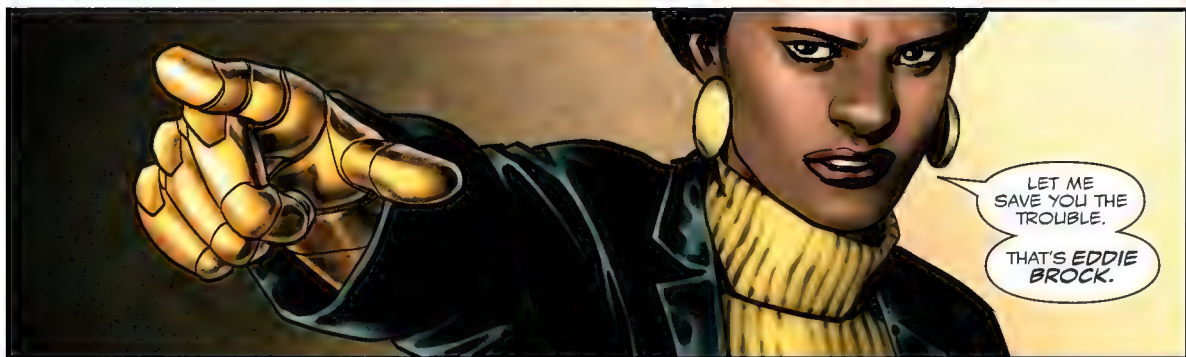
OUR
INVESTIGATION IS
AN OPEN BOOK
TO HER.

THANK
YOU, AGENT
WINTER.



NOW HOW
ABOUT YOU **OPEN**
THAT BOOK AND
TELL ME WHAT
I'M LOOKING
AT HERE.





Ooh. I like this one. What's his story?

Bushwacker: Ex-C.I.A. assassin. They gave him these abilities... organic tech.

He can make his body into any kind of weapon he wants.

He's a maniac. Maybe he was always that way, or the C.I.A. did it to him. Somewhere along the way, his soul went rotten.

He used his agency contacts to set himself up as a cop, and he's been using the job as cover to hunt and kill vagrants.

Love it. My kind of guy.



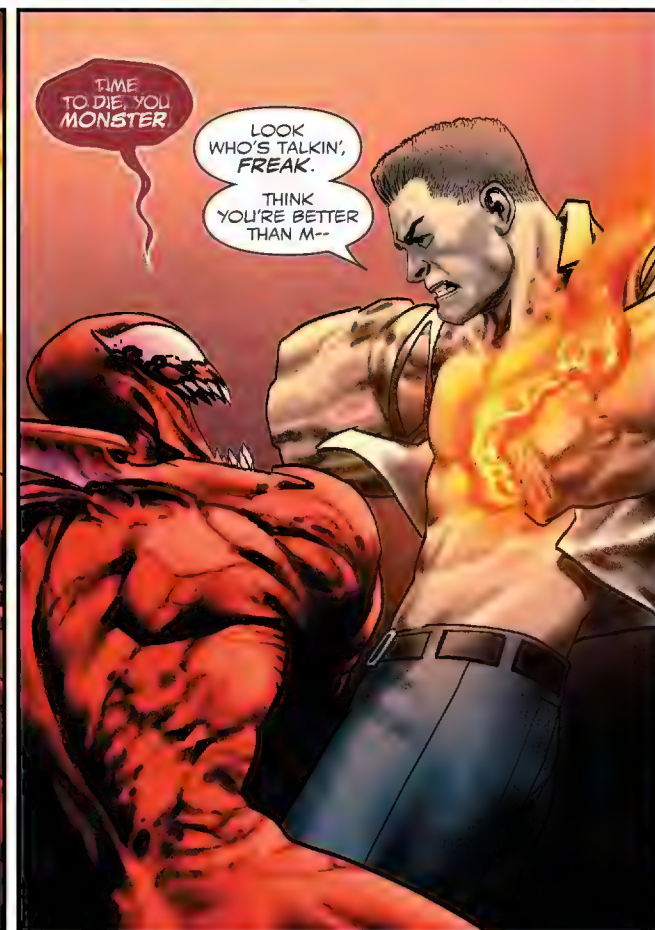
Ooh, and he's fast too. Better watch out, Eddie.

GONNA EAT YOU. GONNA KILL YOU AND EAT YOU, BROCK!



PUT YOU ON THE GRILL.

GAH!



TIME TO DIE, YOU MONSTER!

LOOK WHO'S TALKIN', FREAK.
THINK YOU'RE BETTER THAN M--



GRAAGH!

THWIM





Just look what
you did.



THREE

Bushwacker...

He just killed everyone in this police station. Cops, people in custody, people looking for help...

I look out at this, and it's just...

I'm a killer. I know that. I've taken life.

I'm a killer.

But Bushwacker is a *monster*.

Oh, don't stop there, Eddie.

Keep rationalizing. Keep drawing those fine-line distinctions that let you see yourself the way you want to.

It's hilarious. It's fun.

Shut up, Carnage.

Just shut the *##\$%&* up.

WHY?

WHY DID YOU DO THIS?





WELL,
MR. BROCK, I'VE
BEEN A COP FOR
A WHILE NOW--MEANS
I'VE SEEN PLenty
OF CRIMINALS
UP CLOSE.

MOST OF
'EM ARE MORONS.
THAT'S WHY THEY
GET CAUGHT.

BUT THE SMART
ONES, THE ONES
WHO TEND TO SLIP
AWAY...THEY'VE ALL
GOT SOMETHING
IN COMMON.



THEY
DON'T LEAVE
WITNESSES.



OH--AND
YOU KNOW
WHAT?



THAT INCLUDES YOU,
EDDIE BROCK.

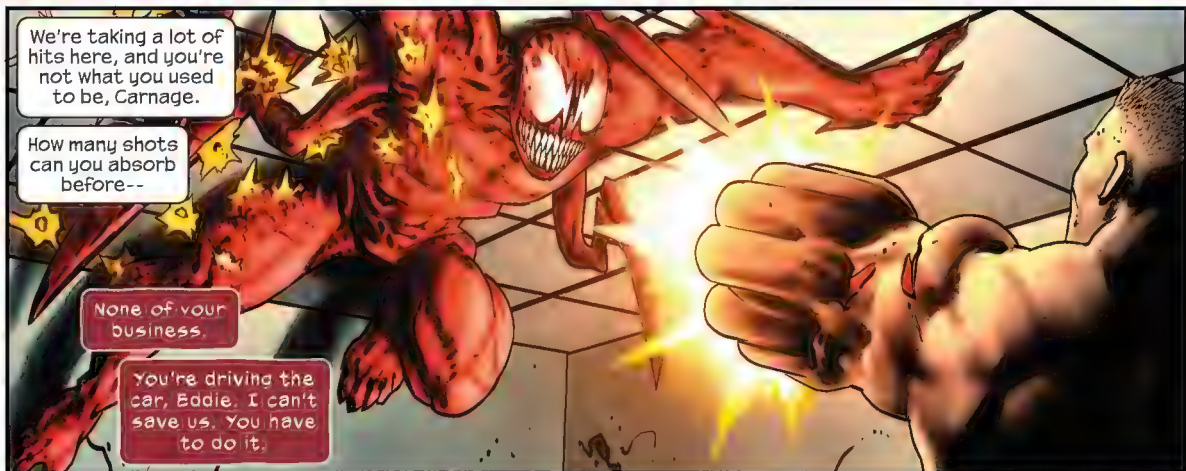


Kill him!

Stop screaming in my damned ear and maybe I will.



EAT IT, FREAK!

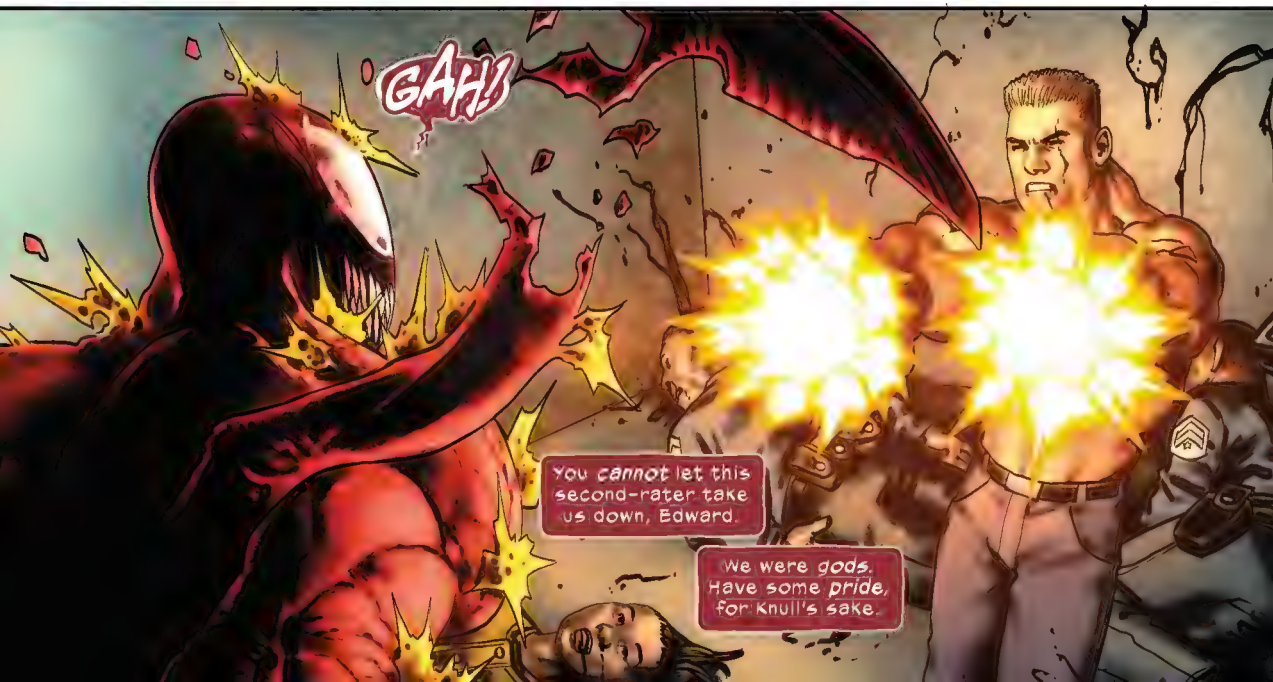


We're taking a lot of hits here, and you're not what you used to be, Carnage.

How many shots can you absorb before--

None of your business.

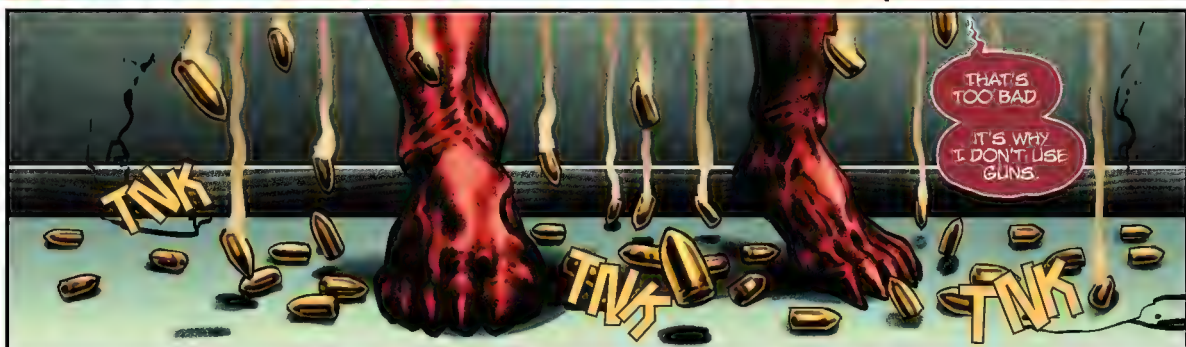
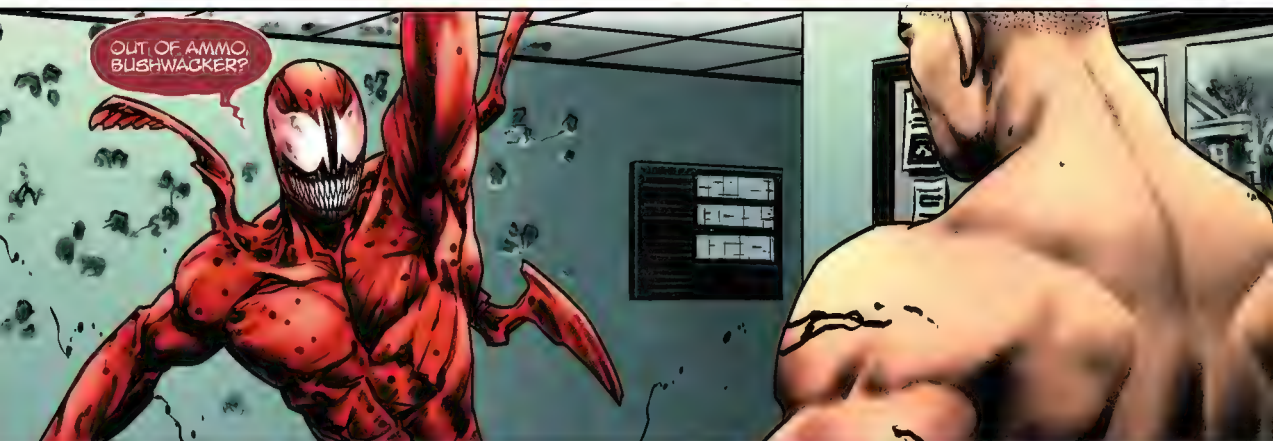
You're driving the car, Eddie. I can't save us. You have to do it.

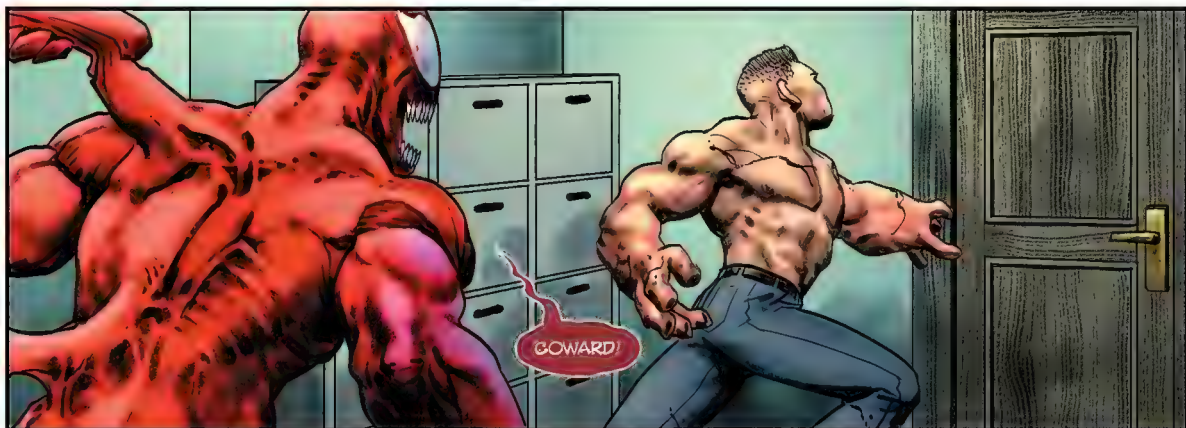


GAH!

You cannot let this second-rater take us down, Edward.

We were gods. Have some pride, for Knull's sake.





SLM

...that was the
ammo locker.

OH, HELL
YEAH.

So he reloads
So what? We
can handle it.

You don't understand. The
C.I.A. made Bushwacker a
cyborg--altered his body to
make him a *living weapon*.

His arms can
become any kind
of gun he wants.

And when he needs
ammunition...

...he *eats it*.

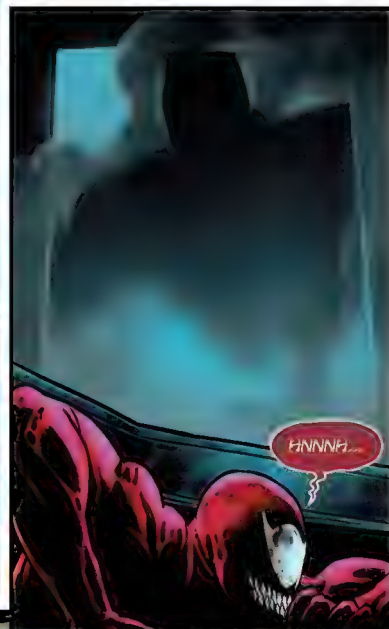
You seem
scared, Eddie.
I don't like
that.

**I DON'T LIKE
THAT ONE BIT!**

Listen, cop stations
these days keep
military hardware.

No idea why they think
they need it, but odds
are Bushwacker's in
there binge eating some
serious firepower.

We need to be
smart, not--



OH...THAT'S
NICE.

HAVEN'T
LET MYSELF...
GO THIS BIG
IN A WHILE.

Like I said. Time
to be *smart*.

Whatever you want,
Eddie. But if you run,
I'll kill you before you
take three steps, and
then I'll take *him*.

That was the deal,
remember? I'm
starting to like
this guy too.

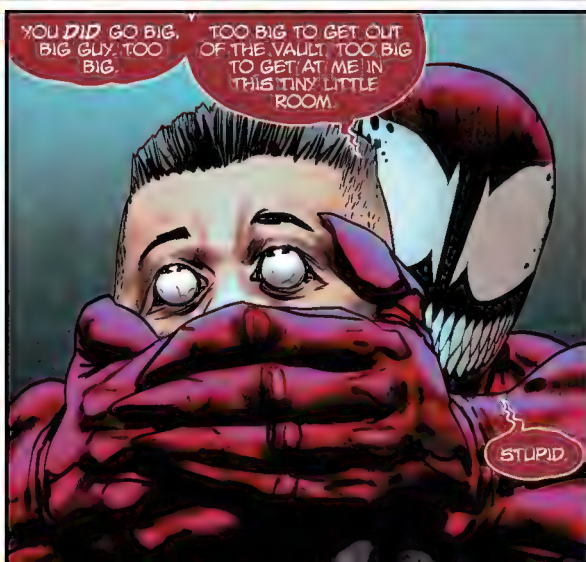
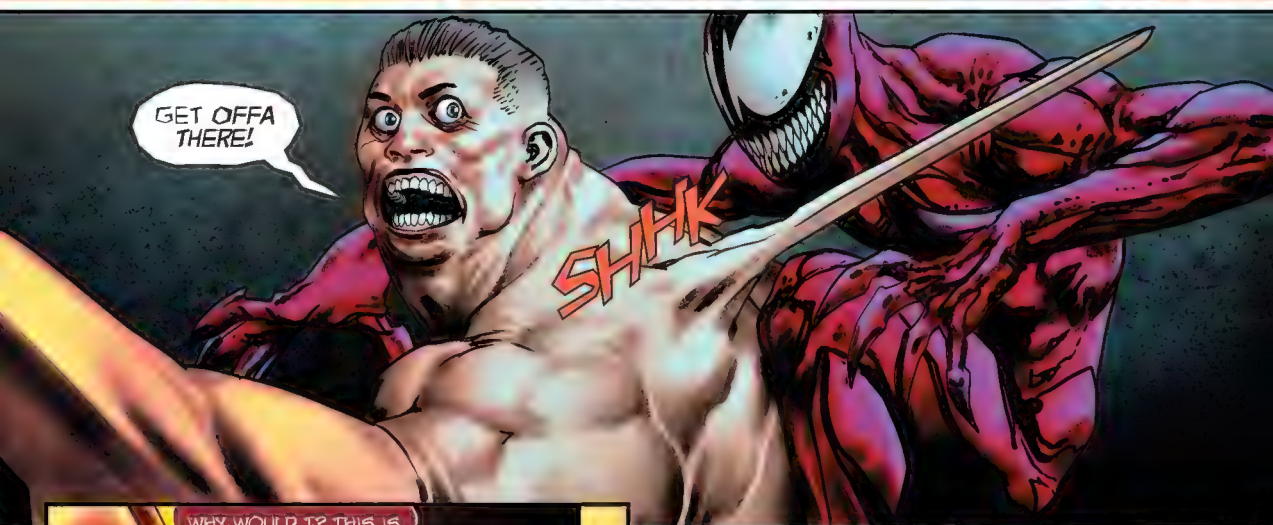
So, yes. You
probably *should*
be smart.



URRRRRRR

Fine, you
bastard.

Fine.

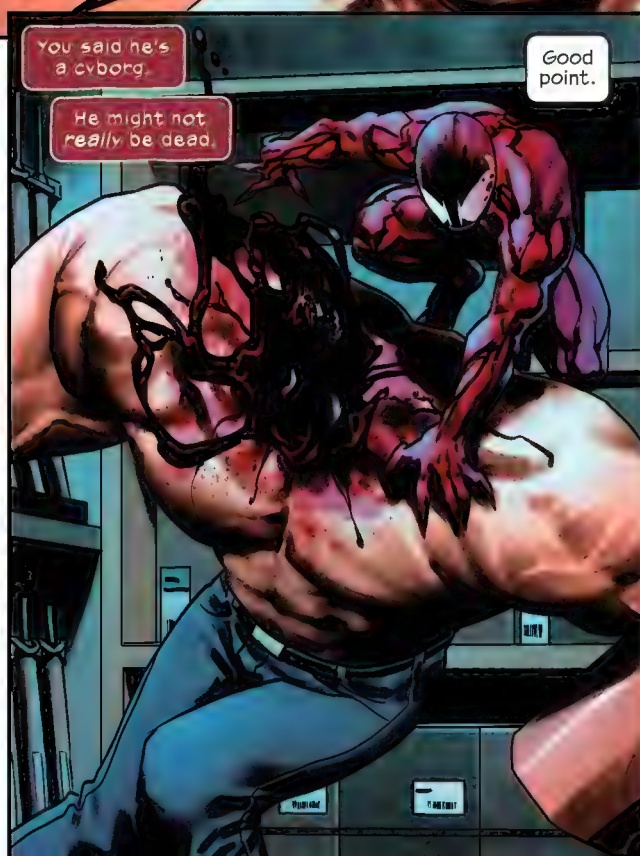




HNNNGH.

YOUR EYES
WERE BIGGER THAN
YOUR STOMACH. YOU
ATE TOO MUCH,
BUSHWACKER.

LIKE A
PYTHON THAT
TRIES TO EAT A
GOW. EVENTUALLY
IT JUST



You said he's
a cyborg.

He might not
really be dead.

Good point.



SHKK

Let's make
sure.

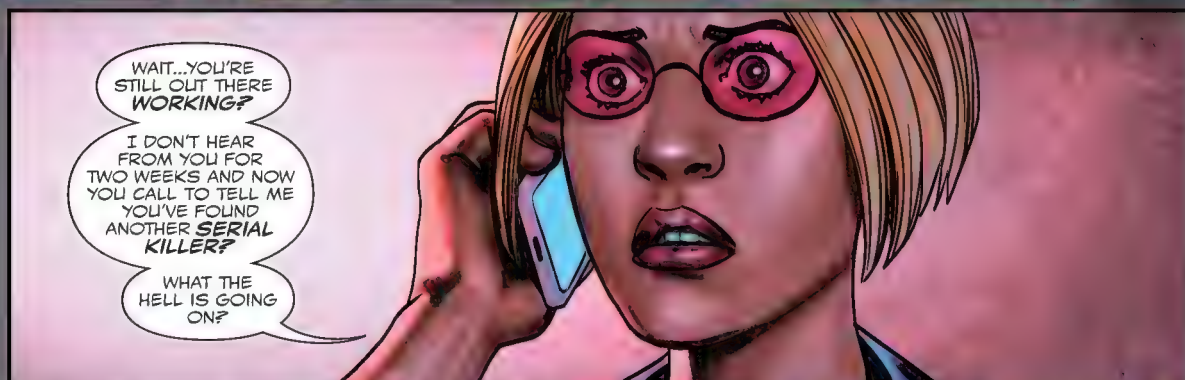


NEW YORK CITY.

EDDIE,
IS THAT **YOU?**
WHERE ARE
YOU?

DETROIT.

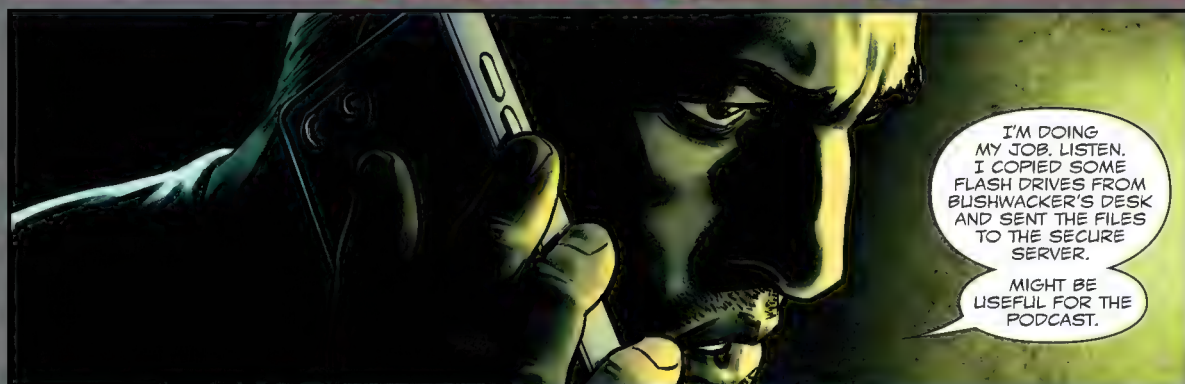
YOUR HUNCH
ABOUT THAT COP
WAS RIGHT, BAILEY. HE
WAS THE KILLER--A
FORMER C.I.A. ASSASSIN
WHO WENT BY THE
CODENAME
BUSHWACKER.



WAIT...YOU'RE
STILL OUT THERE
WORKING?

I DON'T HEAR
FROM YOU FOR
TWO WEEKS AND NOW
YOU CALL TO TELL ME
YOU'VE FOUND
ANOTHER **SERIAL
KILLER?**

WHAT THE
HELL IS GOING
ON?



I'M DOING
MY JOB, LISTEN.
I COPIED SOME
FLASH DRIVES FROM
BUSHWACKER'S DESK
AND SENT THE FILES
TO THE SECURE
SERVER.

MIGHT BE
USEFUL FOR THE
PODCAST.



EDDIE,
**WHAT IS
THIS?**

YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO BE
MY **FIELD REPORTER.**
YOU DRUM UP BACKGROUND
INFORMATION FOR THE
CASES I TALK ABOUT
ON MY SHOW.
THAT'S IT.

THEN I FIND
OUT YOU WERE ON
A PLANE THAT CRASHED
WITH ALL ITS PASSENGERS
MISSING, AND NOW YOU
STOLE FILES FROM
A **COP?**

HE
WON'T MISS
THEM.



WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? WHAT ARE YOU DOING, EDDIE BROCK?

WHAT I HAVE TO.



Have to, want to... same difference.

CHECK OUT THOSE FILES. YOU'LL SEE. IT'S GOLD. IT'LL MAKE YOUR CAREER.

IN THE MEANTIME, GET ME SOME LEADS ON ANOTHER KILLER.

Tell her you want another one with powers.

...



I'M PARTICULARLY INTERESTED IN ANY WHO MIGHT BE USING **POWERS** TO DO WHAT THEY DO.



THIS IS RIDICULOUS, EDDIE. I HIRED YOU TO GIVE YOU A BREAK, AND TO PISS OFF MY UNCLE. I DON'T WANT THIS.

YOU HIRED ME TO FIND MONSTERS. I'M DELIVERING.

I'M SENDING YOU STUFF MOST TRUE-CRIME REPORTERS COULDN'T EVEN DREAM OF.



I TAKE ALL THE RISK. WHAT DO YOU DO?

RECORD YOUR LITTLE PODCASTS THERE IN YOUR SAFE LITTLE OFFICE? NOW ARE YOU GOING TO SEND ME THOSE LEADS, OR--



OOF, I'M SORRY. IT'S JUST BEEN...A STRESSFUL DAY. A LOT ON MY MIND. YOU WANT ME TO QUIT, I'LL QUIT.

NO, IT'S JUST...ARE YOU WORKING FOR ME, OR AM I WORKING FOR YOU?

BOOP

Smart lady.



Eddie, I'd like to tell you something.

OH YEAH? WHAT'S THAT?

You did a great job back there. I've worked with some of the best, and that kill was truly--



SHUT UP, YOU DAMNED MURDERING DEMON.

SHUT UP, SHUT UP, SHUT UP.



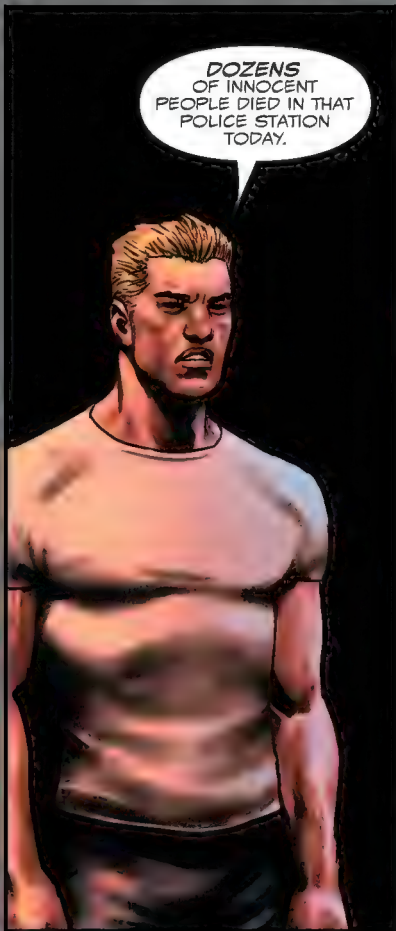
SHUT UP!

BELOW.

NOW, THAT'S JUST STUPID.

EVEN FOR YOU.





DOZENS
OF INNOCENT
PEOPLE DIED IN THAT
POLICE STATION
TODAY.



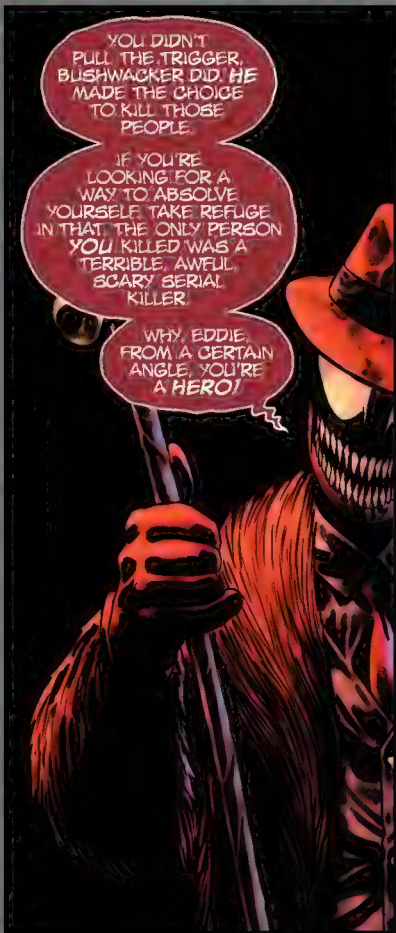
I KNOW
I WAS
THERE

BUT IT
WAS A POLICE
STATION. NOT MANY
INNOCENTS IN
THAT PLACE.



THEY'D
STILL BE ALIVE
IF I HADN'T GONE IN
THERE HUNTING
BUSHWACKER.

WHICH
I ONLY DID
BECAUSE OF
YOU.



YOU DIDN'T
PULL THE TRIGGER,
BUSHWACKER DID. HE
MADE THE CHOICE
TO KILL THOSE
PEOPLE.

IF YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR A
WAY TO ABSOLVE
YOURSELF TAKE REFUGE
IN THAT. THE ONLY PERSON
YOU KILLED WAS A
TERRIBLE, AWFUL
SCARY SERIAL
KILLER!

WHY, EDDIE,
FROM A CERTAIN
ANGLE, YOU'RE
A HERO!



TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED
TO THE PEOPLE ON THAT PLANE.
TELL ME RIGHT NOW, OR
I'LL END US BOTH. YOU
KNOW I MEAN IT.

WHAT HAPPENED
WITH BUSHWACKER
I CAN LIVE WITH--BARELY--
BUT IF YOU KILLED ALL
THOSE PEOPLE ON
MY WATCH, I SWEAR
TO GOD--



STOP
BEING SUCH A
DRAMA QUEEN
BROCK

They're all
still alive.

I put them in a safe place.
They'll stay there until I
decide to do something
else with them.

Or to
them.



LATER.



FINALLY,
TOOK YOU
FOREVER TO
FALL ASLEEP



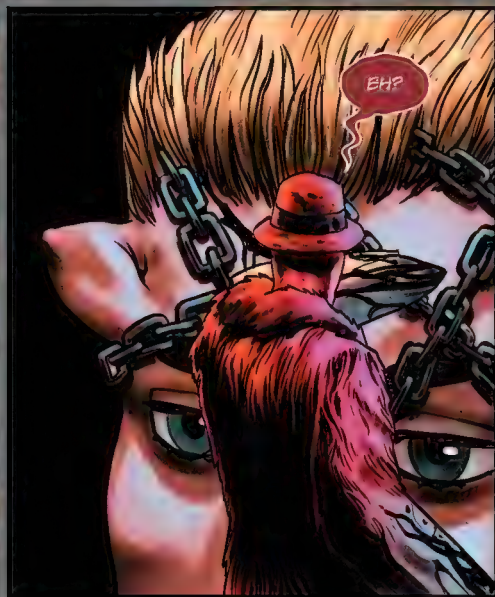
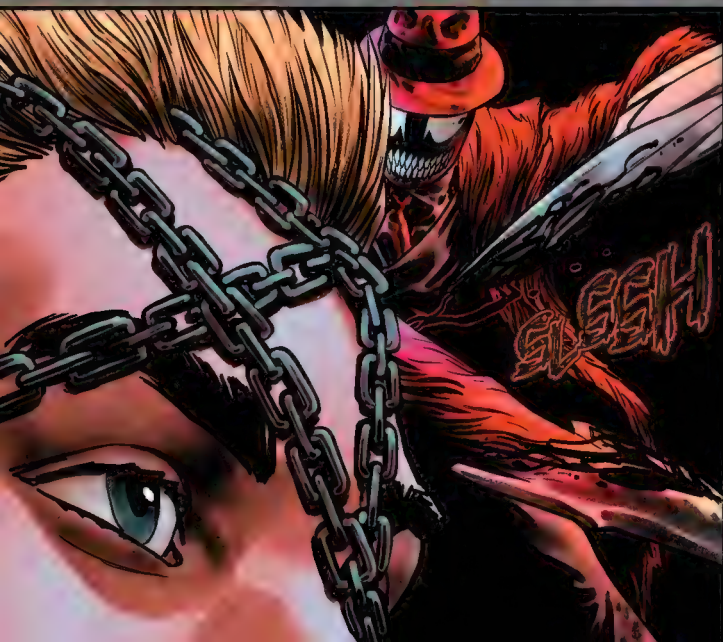
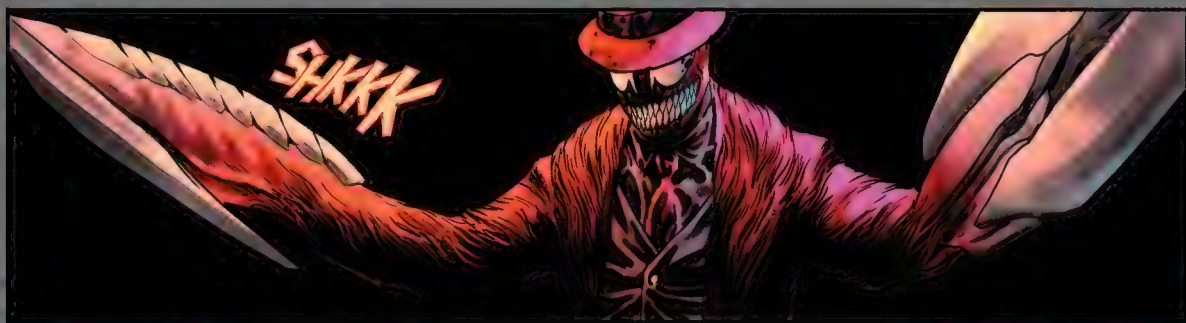
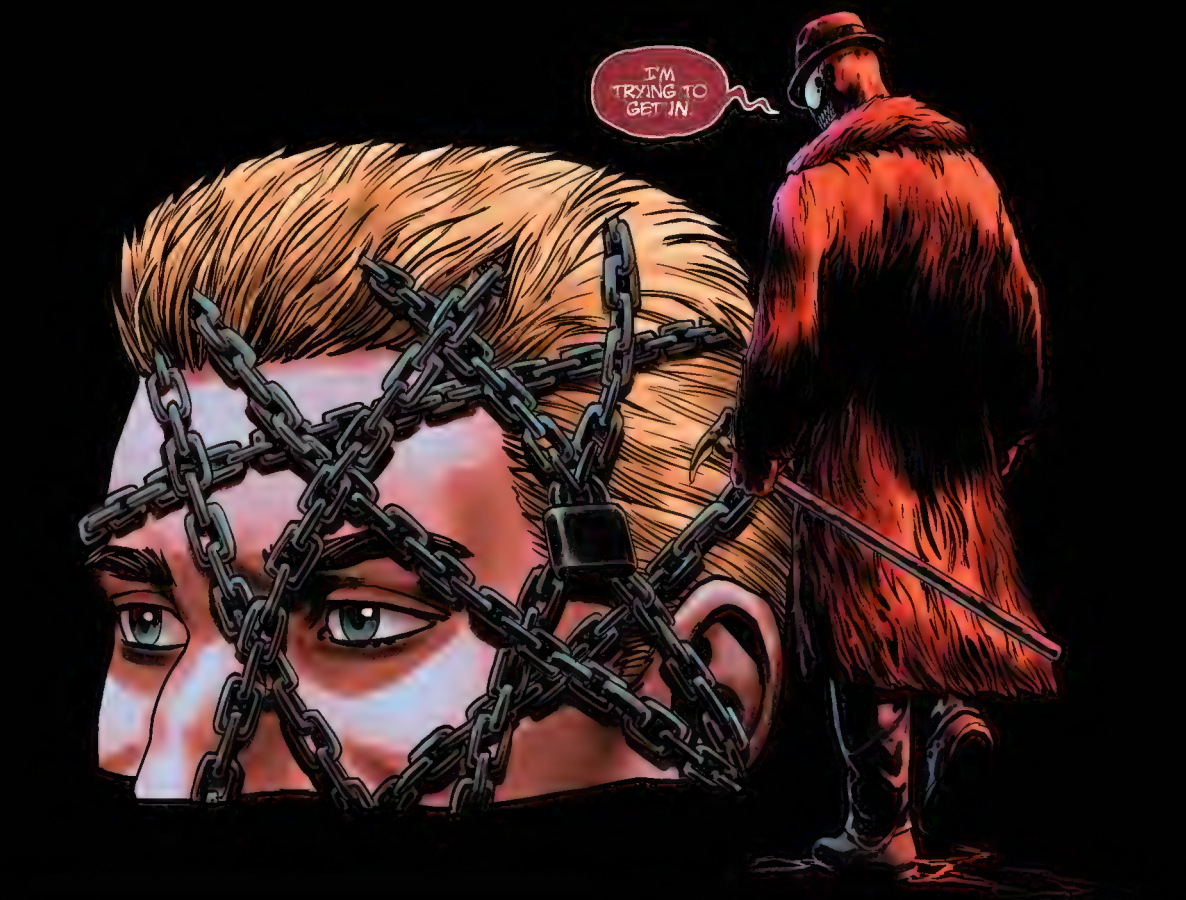
AFTER SUCH
A **STRESSFUL**
DAY, TOO, YOU MUST
HAVE A LOT ON
YOUR MIND.

POOR
LITTLE GUY.



You even handcuffed
yourself to the bed.
Kinky. Afraid I might
be able to go on a
little walkabout, eh?

But you shouldn't
have worried. I'm
not trying to get
out, Eddie.



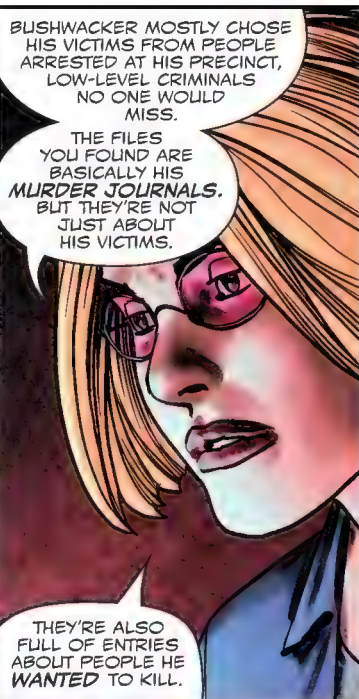




OKAY, SO, EDDIE, I'VE TRIED CALLING YOU FIVE TIMES AND YOU DON'T WANT TO PICK UP, SO A VOICEMAIL IT IS. I GUESS YOU'LL GET IT WHEN YOU GET IT.

I'VE REVIEWED WHAT YOU SENT ME ON THE MACK AVENUE MANGLER CASE--THE PERSONAL FILES OF CHUCK BRENTWOOD, A DETECTIVE WITH THE DETROIT POLICE DEPARTMENT.

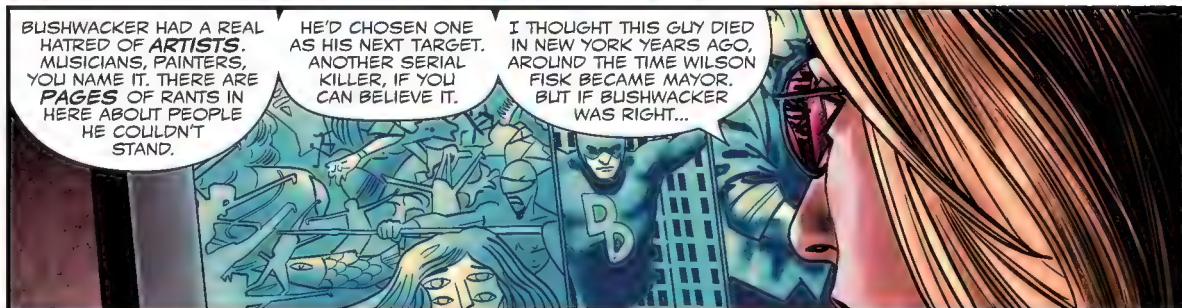
THAT WASN'T HIS REAL NAME--HE WAS ACTUALLY **CARL BURBANK**, A.K.A. **BUSHWACKER**.



BUSHWACKER MOSTLY CHOSE HIS VICTIMS FROM PEOPLE ARRESTED AT HIS PRECINCT, LOW-LEVEL CRIMINALS NO ONE WOULD MISS.

THE FILES YOU FOUND ARE BASICALLY HIS **MURDER JOURNALS**. BUT THEY'RE NOT JUST ABOUT HIS VICTIMS.

THEY'RE ALSO FULL OF ENTRIES ABOUT PEOPLE HE **WANTED TO KILL**.



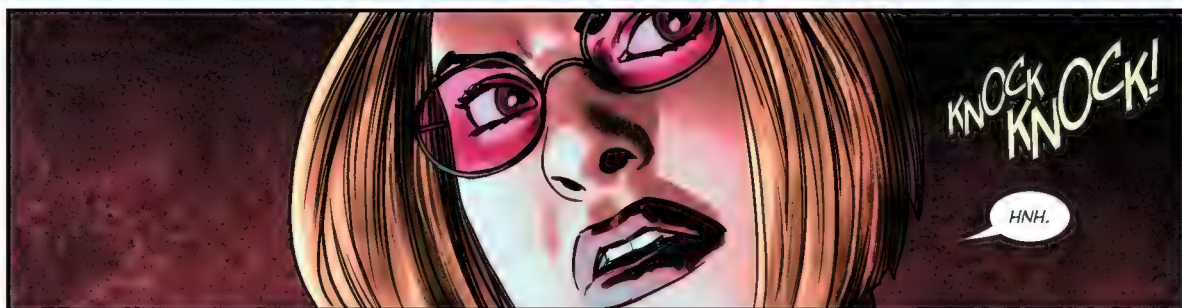
BUSHWACKER HAD A REAL HATRED OF **ARTISTS**. MUSICIANS, PAINTERS, YOU NAME IT. THERE ARE **PAGES** OF RANTS IN HERE ABOUT PEOPLE HE COULDN'T STAND.

HE'D CHOSEN ONE AS HIS NEXT TARGET. ANOTHER SERIAL KILLER, IF YOU CAN BELIEVE IT.

I THOUGHT THIS GUY DIED IN NEW YORK YEARS AGO, AROUND THE TIME WILSON FISK BECAME MAYOR. BUT IF BUSHWACKER WAS RIGHT...

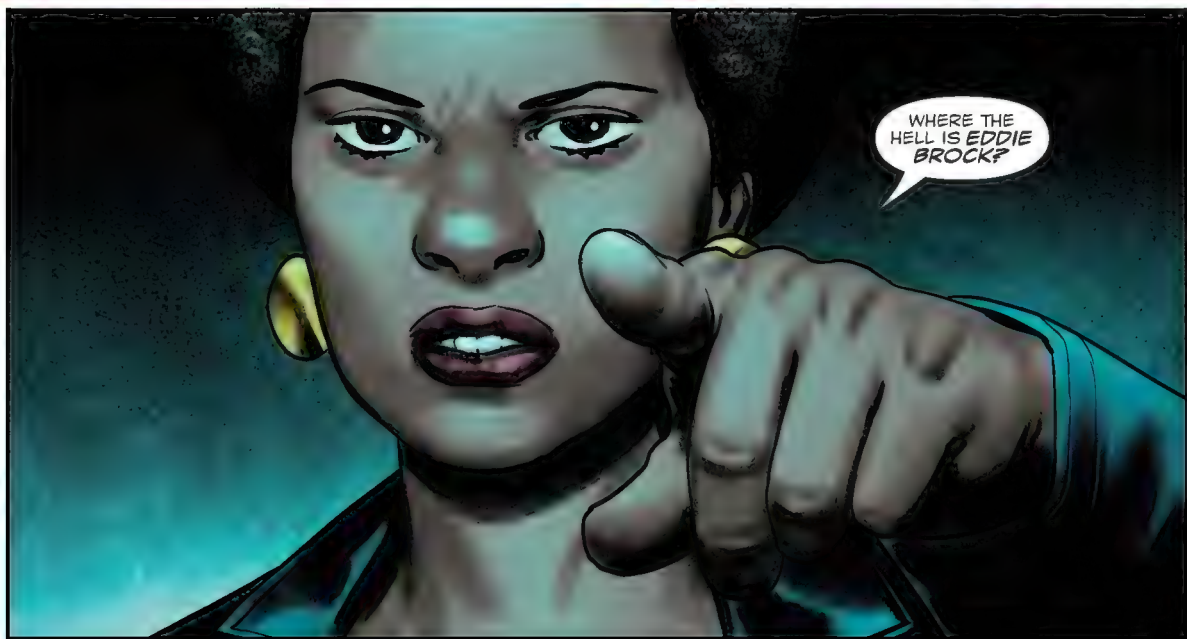


...MUSE IS STILL ALIVE.



KNOCK KNOCK!

HNH.





FOUR

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Who are we
hunting, Eddie?

A killer,
Carnage.

Just like you
wanted.

This guy supposedly died
back in New York, but
Bailey found evidence in
Bushwacker's files that
he might still be around.

His name is *Muse*.
He's an *artist*.

Takes himself...pretty
seriously. Did a lot of
street art--protest
murals, graffiti.

He incorporated
his victims into his
work. Used their
blood for paint.

I love that
for him.

But you said
he's dead?



Yeah,
well...

Your House
**HAS NOT
DESERTED
YET!!**

WE ALL DIE
SOMETIMES.

NEW YORK CITY.

DO I NEED A
LAWYER?

THAT'S A FUNNY
WAY TO START
A CONVERSATION,
MS. BUSHKIN.



CALL ME **BAILEY**,
AGENT WINTERS, IF WE'RE
JUST GOING TO HAVE A
CONVERSATION.

BUT WHEN
THE F.B.I. COMES
KNOCKING ON YOUR
DOOR, IT PUTS THINGS
IN A PARTICULAR
SORT OF PLACE.

DO YOU
THINK YOU NEED
A LAWYER?



REMIND ME WHO
YOU ARE AGAIN? I
DIDN'T SEE **YOUR**
BADGE.

THAT'S BECAUSE I DIDN'T SHOW IT TO
YOU. MY NAME'S **MISTY KNIGHT**.

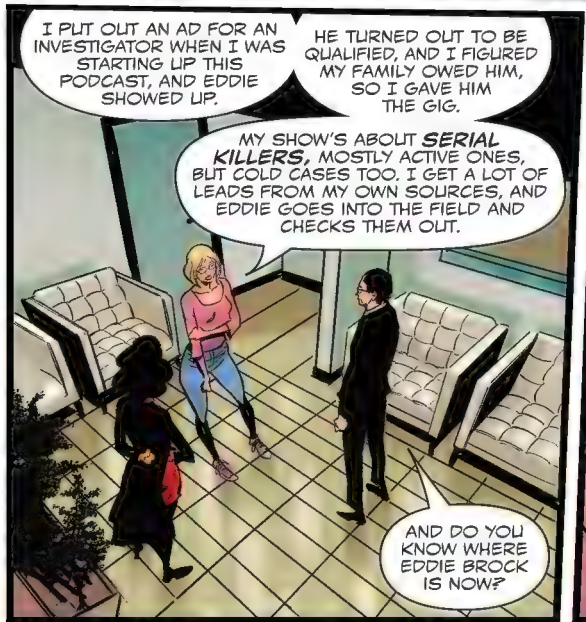
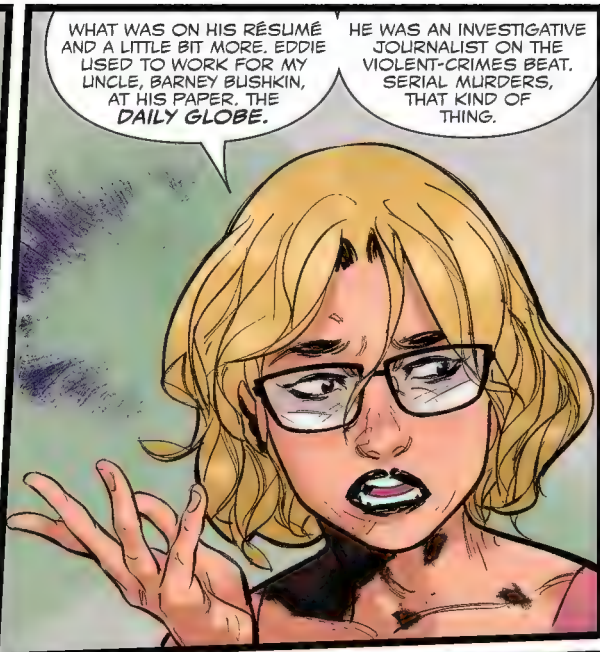
I WORK WITH THE F.B.I.'S
ABERRANT CRIMES DIVISION.
BUT THAT'S NOT EXACTLY WHY
AGENT WINTERS BROUGHT
ME ALONG TODAY.

WELL, THAT'S
NOT OMINOUS
AT ALL.

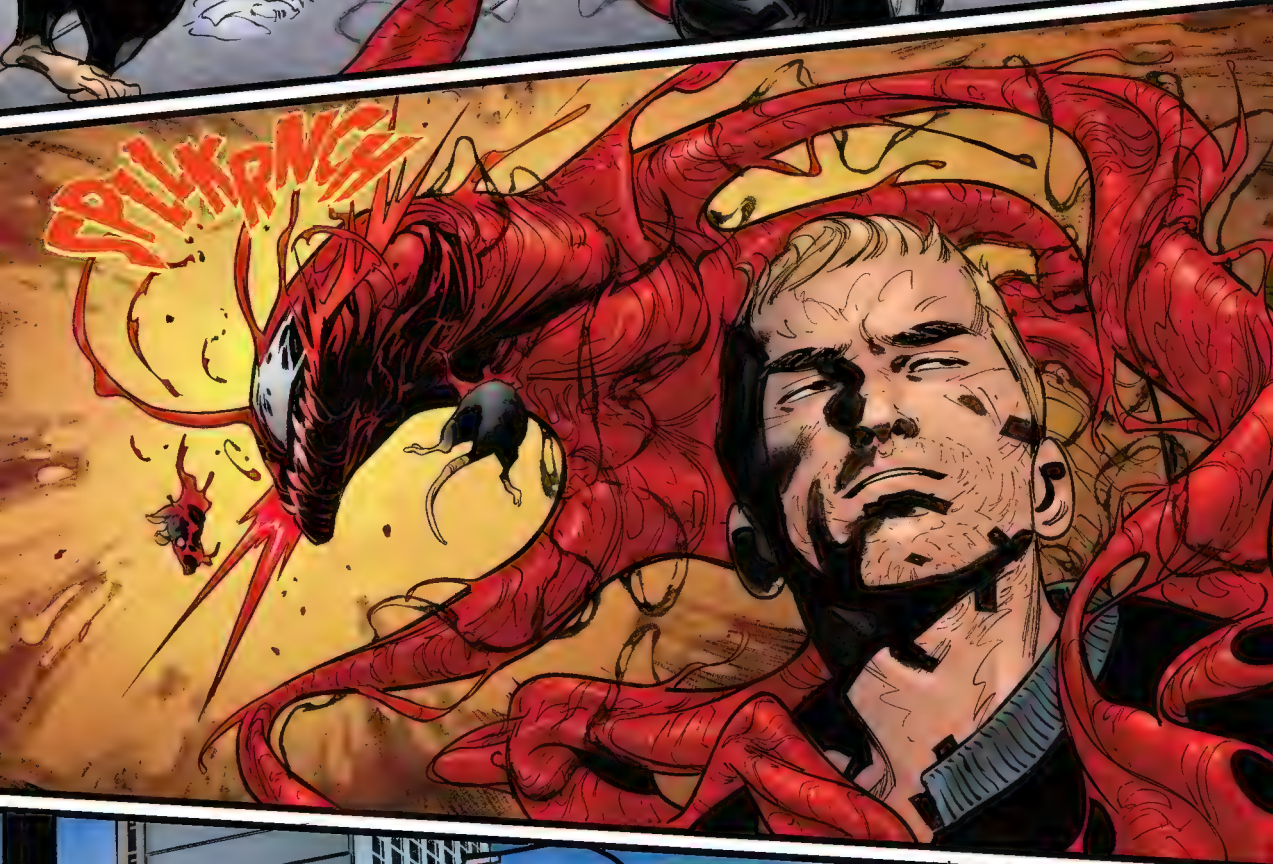
ANYWAY, NO, I DO NOT THINK I NEED A LAWYER,
BUT WE'LL SEE IF THAT POSITION EVOLVES.
HOW ABOUT YOU TWO TELL ME WHAT
YOU'RE DOING HERE?

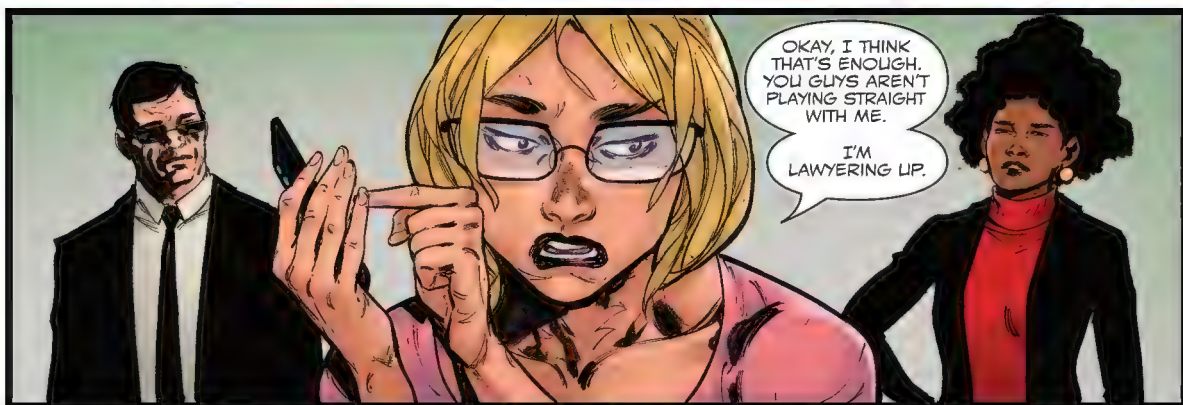
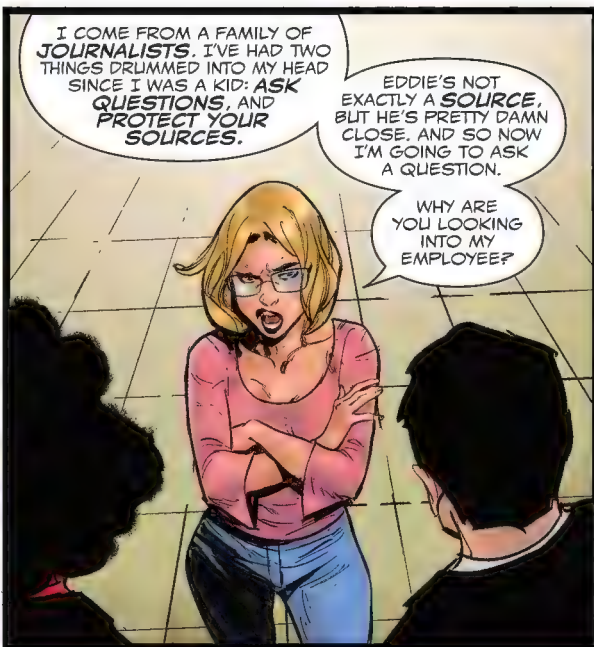


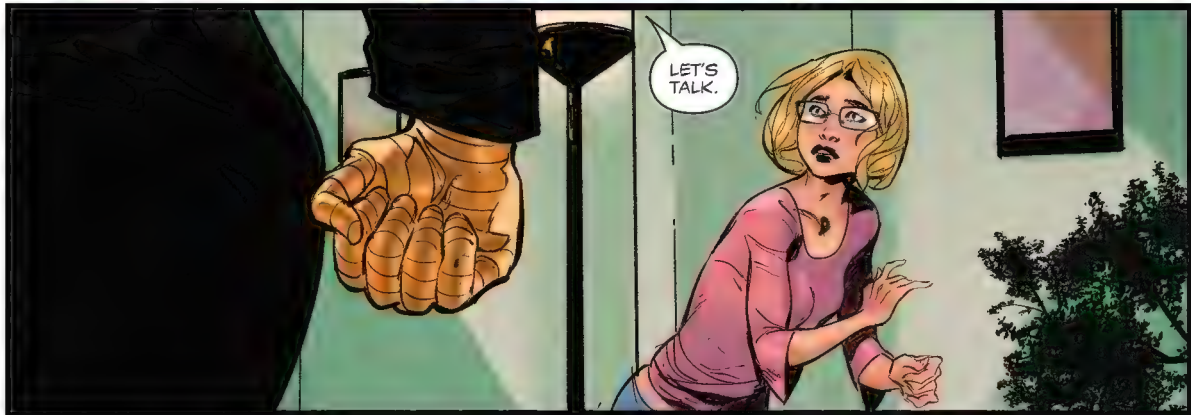
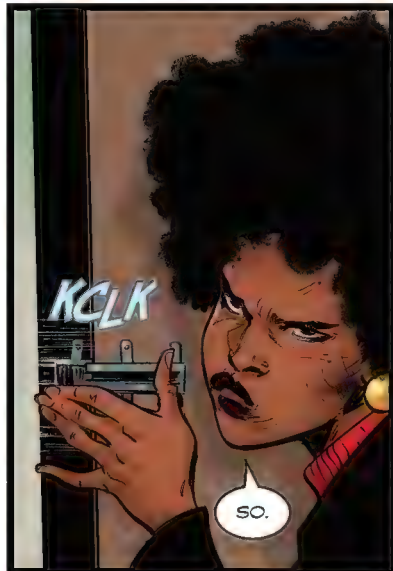
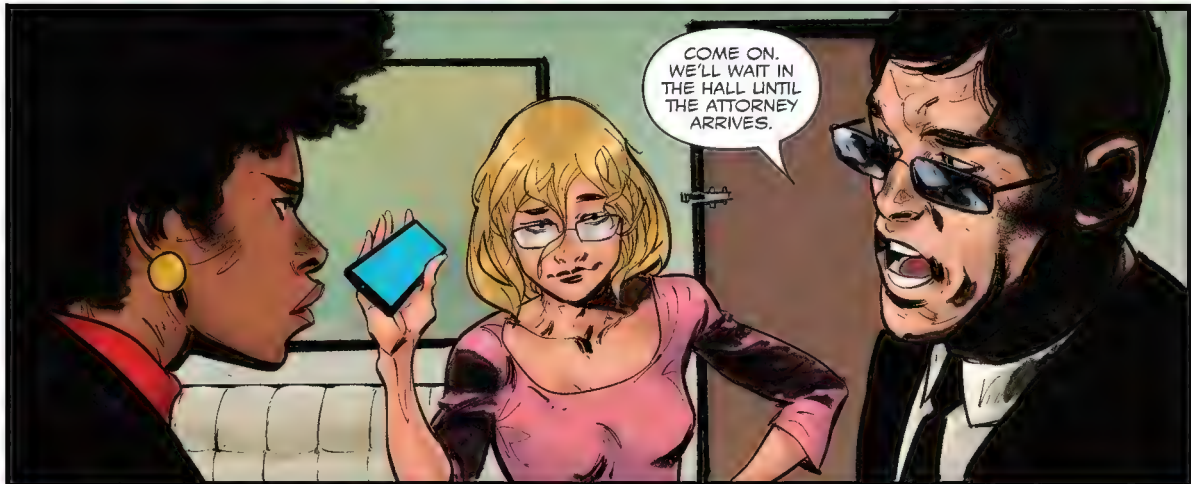
DO YOU
KNOW A MAN
NAMED **EDDIE
BROCK**?













Why this place?
What are you
doing?

MUSE USED OLD
WAREHOUSES AS
HIS STUDIOS BACK IN
NEW YORK. STANDS TO
REASON HE MIGHT
TRY THE SAME
THING HERE.

BUSHWACKER
ANALYZED THE
LOCATIONS OF MUSE'S
STREET ART-THIS
NEIGHBORHOOD IS
AT ALMOST THE
EXACT CENTER.

WE'LL
CHECK THIS
ONE FIRST.



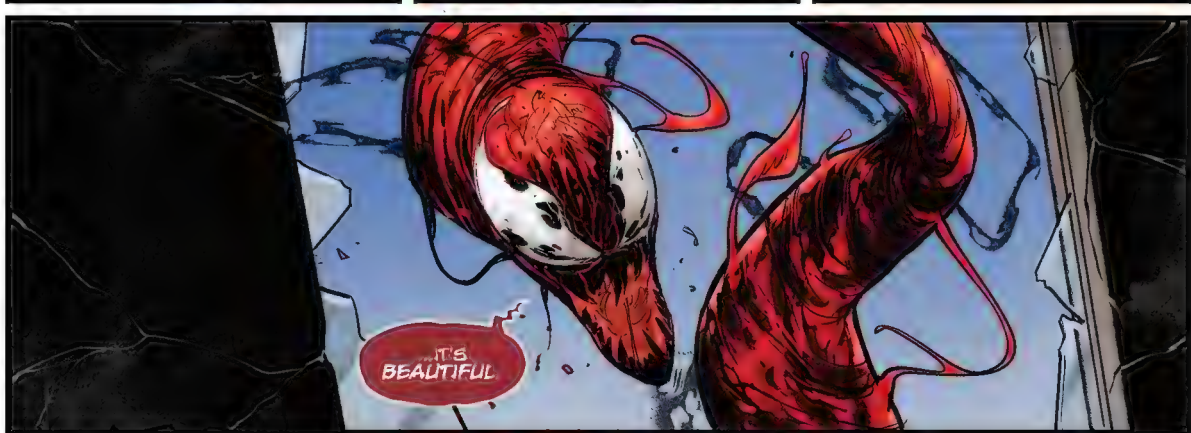
HNNH.



SPLITCH



OH,
EDDIE...



...IT'S
BEAUTIFUL



Explains nothing to killing anything

HUH.
FIRST TIME LUCKY.

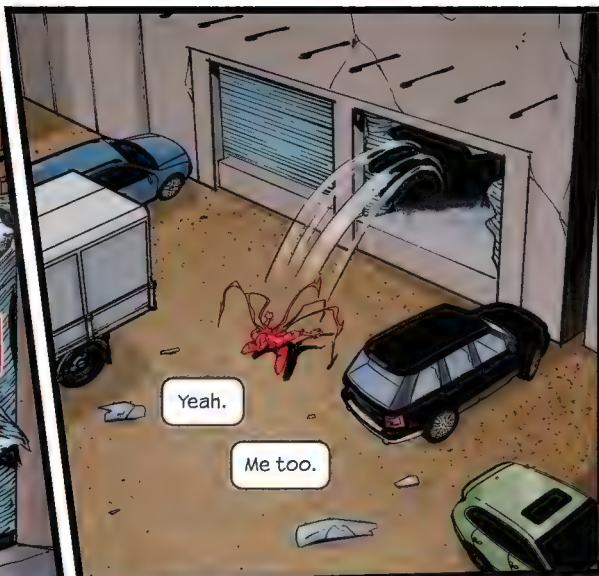
BRING THE VIKER INTO THE FLEET



Muse isn't here.
I'd smell him.

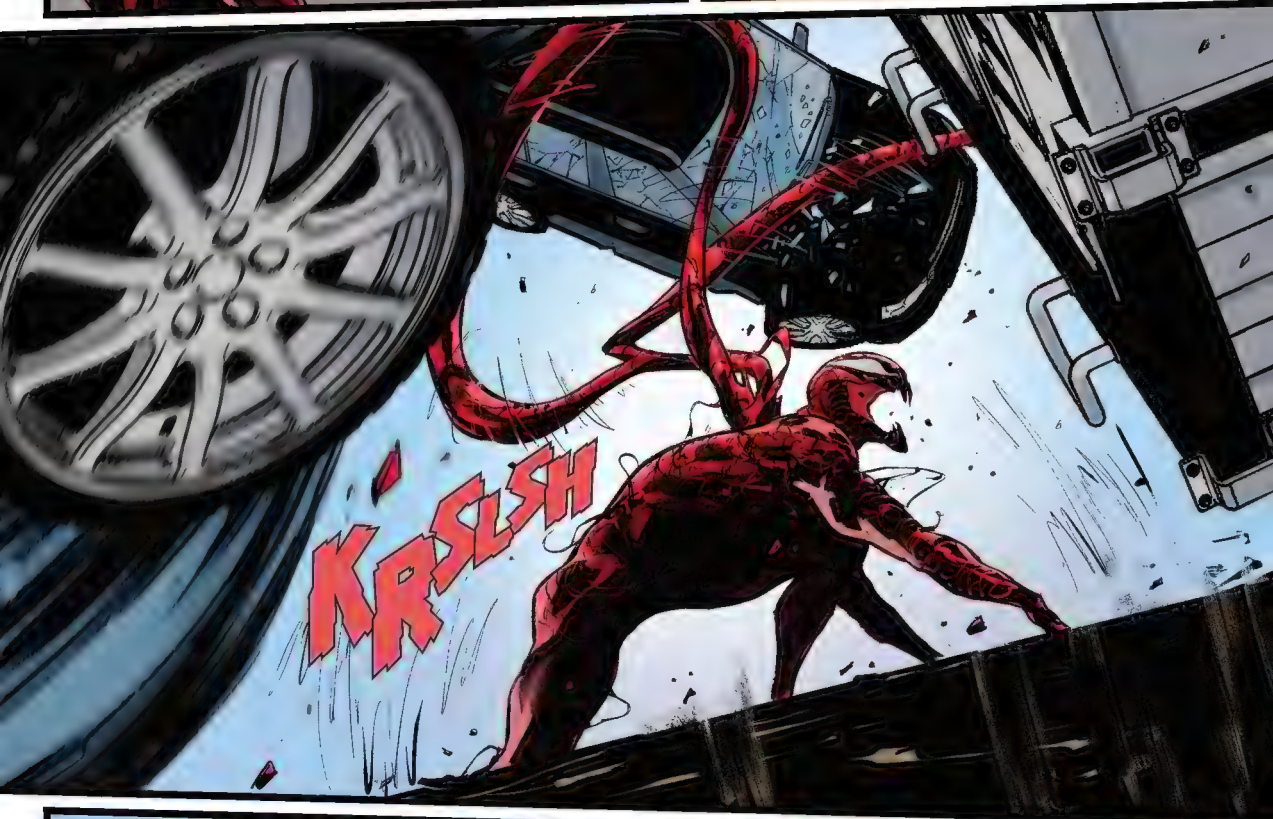
Will we wait for him to
come back? I can't
wait to meet him. I'm
excited, Eddie.

I'm so
excited.



Yeah.

Me too.



KRSLSH



KRANCH





YOU, UH...YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME WITHOUT MY ATTORNEY PRESENT. I KNOW MY RIGHTS.

NO. **AGENT WINTERS** CAN'T, **HE'S** WORKING THIS CASE FOR THE F.B.I.

I'M TALKING TO YOU RIGHT NOW IN MY CAPACITY AS A **PRIVATE CITIZEN**. DIDN'T SHOW YOU MY BADGE, REMEMBER? THIS ISN'T EVEN OFFICIALLY MY CASE.

SO, I'VE GOT THIS ARM.

CYBORG STUFF.

OH MY GOD.

VRRRRR



IT MEANS I
SPEND A LOT OF TIME
WITH **POWERED FOLKS**.
I'M NOT ONE OF THEM,
NOT REALLY.

BUT I
KNOW WHAT
IT FEELS LIKE
TO BE AROUND
THEM.



THEY CAN DO
THINGS YOU CAN'T
IMAGINE. THEY GET AWAY
WITH THINGS YOU NEVER
COULD. GOD KNOWS
WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN
IF YOU **MAKE THEM**
ANGRY.

BEING AROUND
THEM... YOU GET
CAUGHT UP. THEIR
DRAMA BECOMES
YOUR DRAMA.

I THINK THAT'S
WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU.



I KNOW WHAT
EDDIE BROCK WAS...
PROBABLY STILL IS. I
THINK YOU DO TOO,
AND IT'S GOT
YOU TERRIFIED.

WELL, ME
TOO. MY COUSIN WAS
ON THAT PLANE WHERE
ALL THE PASSENGERS
VANISHED.

SHE'S AN **AIR**
MARSHAL, SO IF
SOMETHING WENT DOWN,
SHE WAS PROBABLY IN
THE THICK OF IT.



I DON'T KNOW
THAT EDDIE WAS
INVOLVED--BUT IT
FEELS RIGHT
TO ME.

I'M NOT
TALKING TO YOU
AS AN F.B.I. AGENT,
BAILEY. I'M JUST A
PERSON WORRIED
ABOUT SOMEONE
SHE LOVES.



PLEASE. STOP
BEING AFRAID OF
EDDIE OR THE F.B.I.
OR **LIABILITY**...

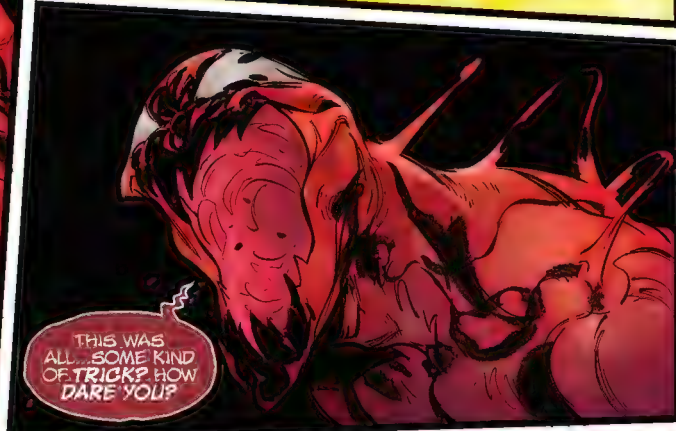
...AND
HELP ME.



WHAT DO
YOU THINK YOU'RE
DOING, EDDIE
BROCK?



I THINK YOU'RE
GOING TO TELL
ME WHERE YOU HID
THOSE PEOPLE
FROM THE PLANE.



THIS WAS
ALL... SOME KIND
OF TRICK? HOW
DARE YOU?



YOU NEEDED
TO BELIEVE WE WERE
HUNTING MUSE, OR I'D
NEVER HAVE BEEN
ABLE TO TRAP
YOU HERE.

YOU'D HAVE
KILLED ME AND
FOUND ANOTHER
HOST. NOW YOU CAN'T.
YOU'RE STILL WEAK
FROM WHAT HAPPENED
WITH MERIDIUS, THE
NECRO-SPEAR.

EVEN IF YOU
KILLED ME, YOU'D
NEVER GET PAST
THE FLAMES. WE
BOTH KNOW IT.



NOW WHY
WOULD I TELL
YOU ANYTHING?
THOSE PEOPLE ARE
MY LEVERAGE
BROCK.

HOW I
KEEP YOU
IN LINE.



AND
HOW'S THAT
WORKING OUT
FOR YOU?

SMASH



I WON'T TELL
YOU ANYTHING
YOU PATHETIC
HUMAN.

AND WHEN WE
BOTH DIE, ALL THOSE
PEOPLE YOU'RE SO
DESPERATE TO SAVE
WILL WASTE AWAY.
THEY'LL DIE TOO.
THEY'LL ALL DIE.

MY FINAL
KILLS



MAYBE THAT'S
THE PRICE. TWO
HUNDRED OR SO LIVES
TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE
FINALLY ERADICATED
FROM THIS UNIVERSE,
CARNAGE.



I DON'T
BELIEVE YOU'LL
GO THROUGH WITH
THIS. YOU DON'T
WANT TO DIE. YOU
WANT TO SEE
YOUR IDIOT CHILD
AGAIN.

YOU WANT TO
MAKE THINGS
RIGHT.



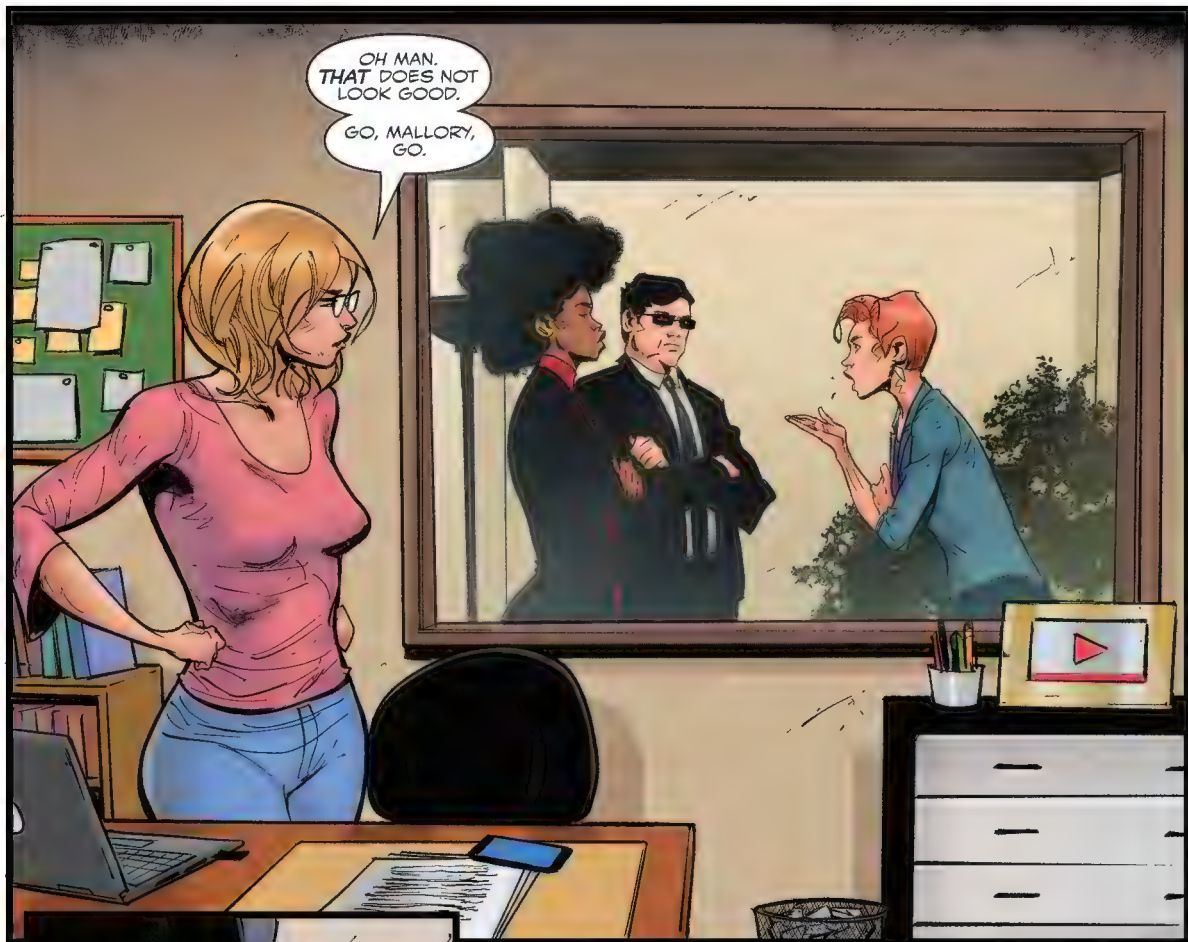
I DID, UNTIL
I UNDERSTOOD
WHAT YOU DID WHEN
YOU TOOK THOSE
PEOPLE.

I'M READY
TO DIE IF IT
MEANS YOU
WILL TOO.

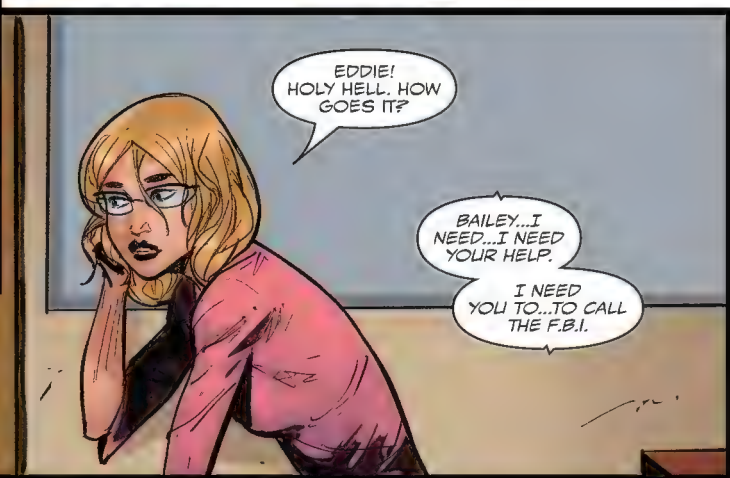


THE
CHOICE...NNGH...
IS YOURS.





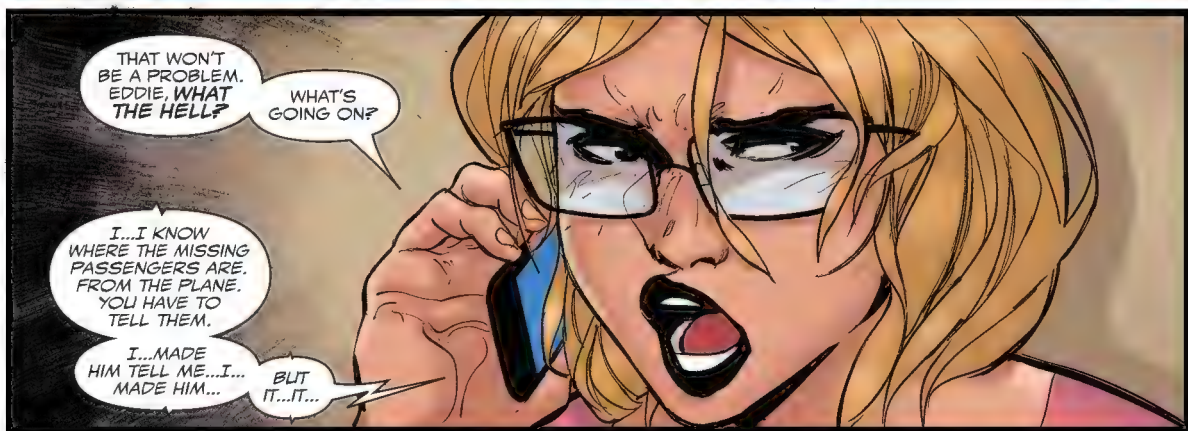
OH MAN.
THAT DOES NOT
LOOK GOOD.
GO, MALLORY,
GO.



EDDIE!
HOLY HELL. HOW
GOES IT?

BAILEY...I
NEED...I NEED
YOUR HELP.

I NEED
YOU TO...TO CALL
THE F.B.I.



THAT WON'T
BE A PROBLEM.
EDDIE, WHAT
THE HELL?

WHAT'S
GOING ON?

I...I KNOW
WHERE THE MISSING
PASSENGERS ARE.
FROM THE PLANE.
YOU HAVE TO
TELL THEM.

I...MADE
HIM TELL ME...I...
MADE HIM...

BUT
IT...IT...



...IT TOOK
A LOT OUT
OF ME.



#1 WRAPAROUND VARIANT BY
HUMBERTO RAMOS & EDGAR DELGADO



#1 VARIANT BY
CHRIS GIARRUSSO



#1 ICONIC VARIANT BY
TODD NAUCK & RACHELLE ROSENBERG



FIVE

CHICAGO.

Why am
I not...

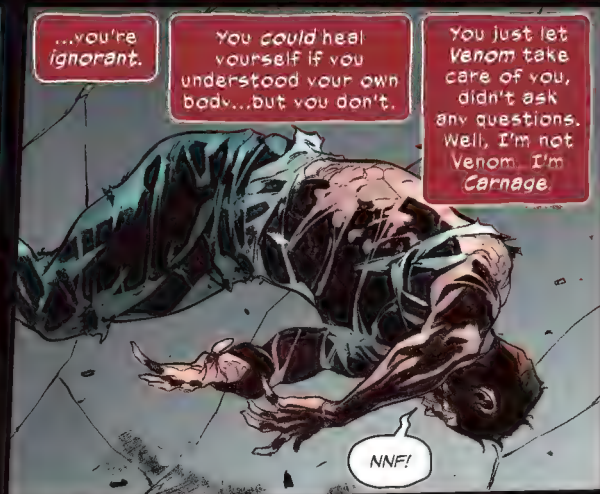
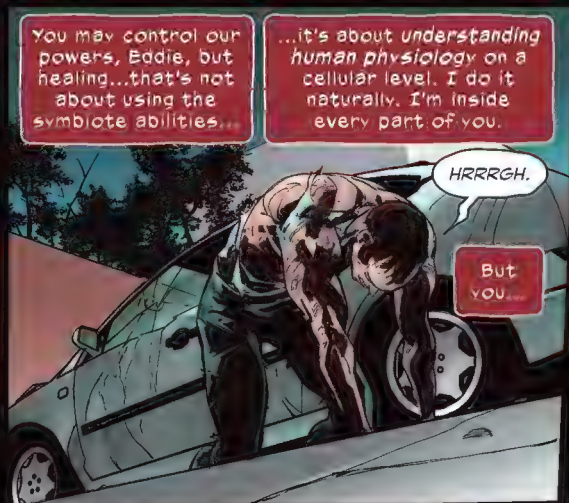
...healing?

NNNNGHHH...

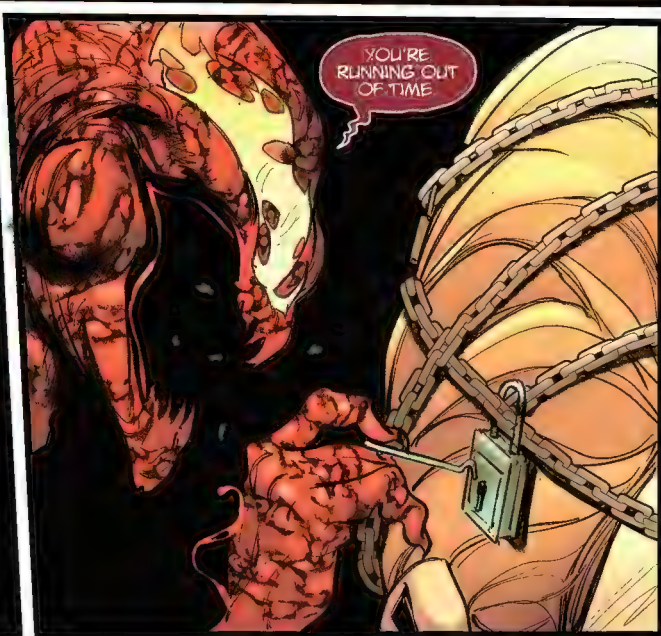
Because, Eddie,
you were a
bad boy.

To put it
another way...

I DON'T
FEEL LIKE
IT.









COLORADO.





HELLO,
EDDIE.



MISTY... MISTY
KNIGHT? WHERE
AM I? HOW DID I
GET HERE?

AND WHAT
THE HELL?
HANDCLIFFS?
I'M TRYING TO
HELP YOU.

THE COPS
PICKED YOU UP IN
CHICAGO, KNOCKED
YOU OUT. WE DECIDED
TO KEEP YOU SEDATED
UNTIL WE COULD GET
YOU WHERE WE
NEEDED YOU
TO BE.



WHICH, BY THE
WAY, IS COLORADO,
THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS,
IN THE FLIGHT PATH OF
OCEANIC 814 JUST
BEFORE IT CRASHED.
WE'RE LOOKING FOR
THAT **CAVE** YOU
TOLD US ABOUT.

WITH
THE MISSING
PASSENGERS.



BUT A STORM'S
COMING IN--A BIG
ONE. EVEN IF THOSE
PEOPLE AREN'T OUT
IN THE WEATHER, THE
TEMPERATURE'S GOING
TO DROP. THEY
WON'T SURVIVE.

WE NEED
TO FIND THEM
NOW.



IF WE GET
CLOSE ENOUGH,
I'LL BE ABLE TO
ZERO IN ON
THE EXACT
LOCATION.

AND HOW IS IT,
EXACTLY, THAT YOU'LL
BE ABLE TO DO THAT,
EDDIE? DID YOU
KIDNAP THE
PASSENGERS?

OR
MAYBE YOUR...
FRIEND?



YOU MEAN
VENOM.

NO.
IT WASN'T
VENOM.

Of course not. Venom
would never do something
this interesting.

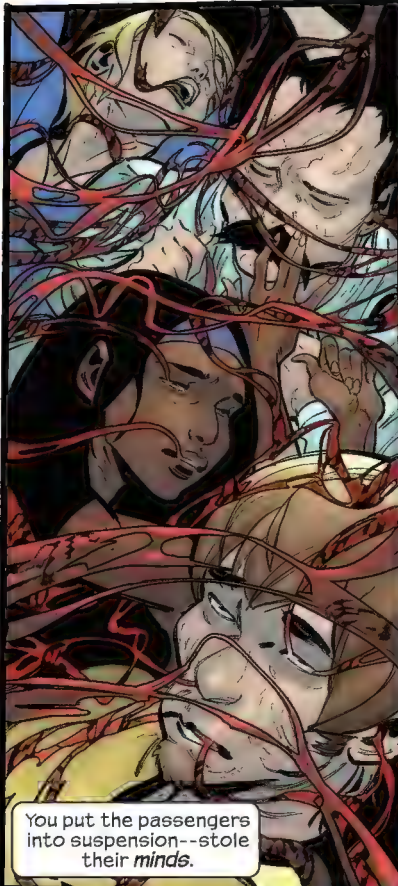


It's because I gave up control, isn't it?



You took over when I was weak, confused, didn't know what was happening. I *invited* you in.

And for a little while, you were steering the ship.



You put the passengers into suspension--stole their *minds*.



And then you hid them away.

I didn't do anything you didn't let me do, Eddie.

Like you said, you *invited* me in.

I didn't realize it was possible. I won't let it happen again. Not ever, Carnage. Do you hear me?

Never agai--



WHOA!



THE STORM'S
REALLY KICKING
UP!



WE'RE GOING
TO HAVE TO CALL
OFF THE SEARCH
FOR THE TIME
BEING.

NO! WINTERS,
IF WE DON'T FIND
THOSE PASSENGERS,
THEY'LL DIE!



I'M SORRY,
AGENT KNIGHT. THE
PILOT'S SAYING WE
CAN'T STAY UP IN
THIS WEATHER.

IF WE
DON'T TURN
BACK, WE'LL
DIE.

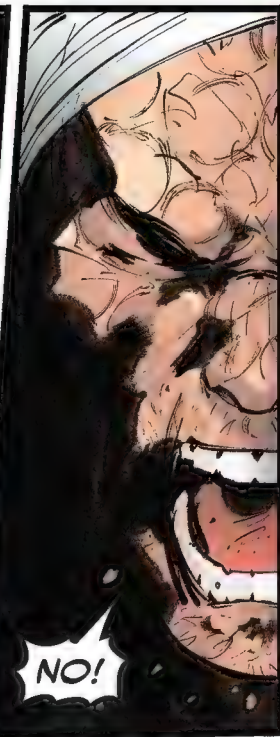
GIVE ME
SIXTY SECONDS.
JUST SIXTY
SECONDS!



EDDIE--
WHATEVER YOU'RE
GONNA DO, YOU
NEED TO DO IT.

TELL ME YOU
FEEL SOMETHING.
TELL ME WE'RE
CLOSE.

I... I'LL
TRY.





Now, where did you
put those people,
you--

AGH!



YOU AREN'T
GETTING AWAY
THAT EASY,
BROCK!

NOW **SHOW**
ME WHERE THEY
ARE, OR I'LL BLAST
YOUR DAMN SYMBIOTE
HEAD OFF!

THAT'S
NOT A VERY
NICE THING
TO SAY

OH MY
GOD...YOU'RE
NOT VENOM.
YOU'RE--

YES. WE ARE
CARNAGE.

PERHAPS YOU
SHOULD HAVE
LOOKED BEFORE YOU
LEAPT, AGENT
KNIGHT.

Don't worry, Eddie.
This isn't a problem.

She'll freeze to death
in seconds. And if she
doesn't, we'll just cut
her open.

WHAT IS
THIS? STOP! I'LL
SHOOT!

WHILE WE'RE
A MILE IN THE AIR?
I DOUBT IT.

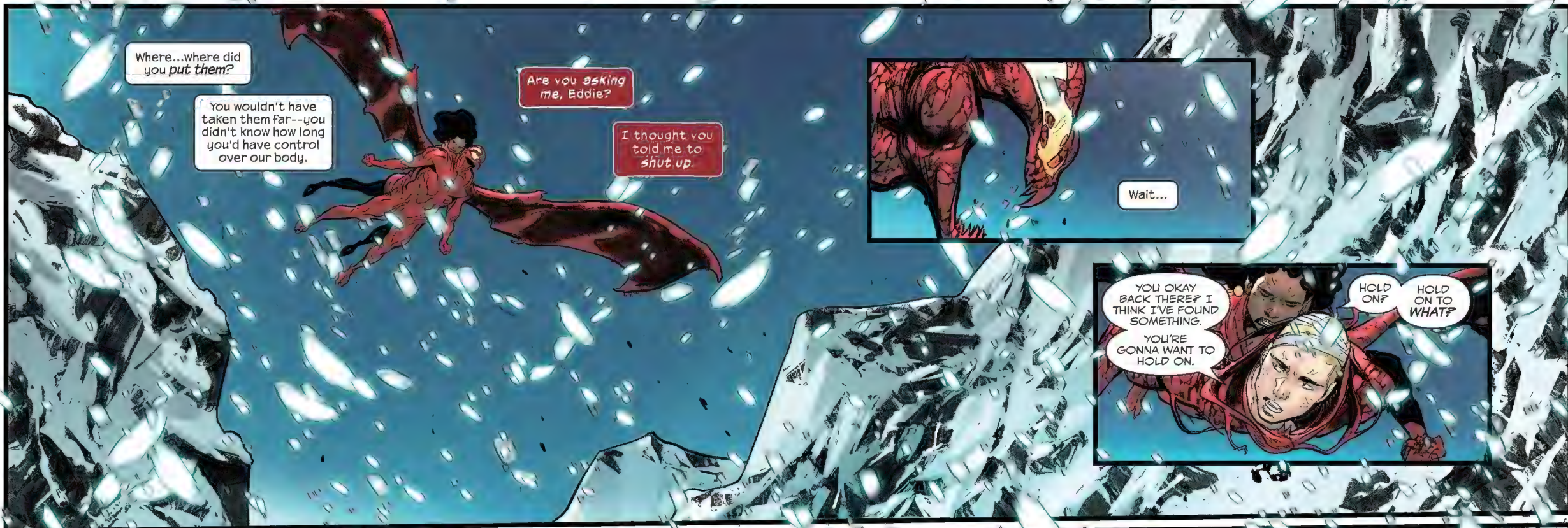
CALM DOWN.
I'M JUST KEEPING
YOU WARM.

You're keeping her
alive? I suspect
that's a choice
you'll regret.

If you kill her, I'll
hunt you. Wouldn't
that be nice?

An end to all that
nasty pain?

Shut up,
Carnage.



Where...where did you put them?

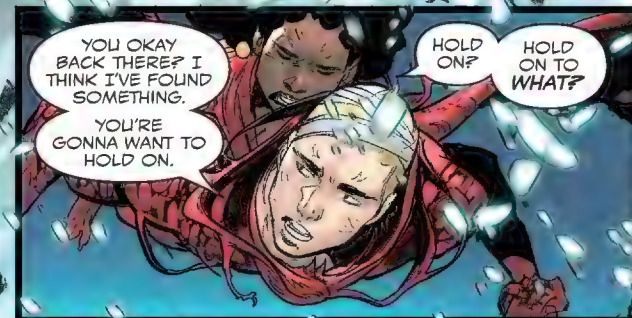
You wouldn't have taken them far--you didn't know how long you'd have control over our body.

Are you asking me, Eddie?

I thought you told me to shut up.



Wait...

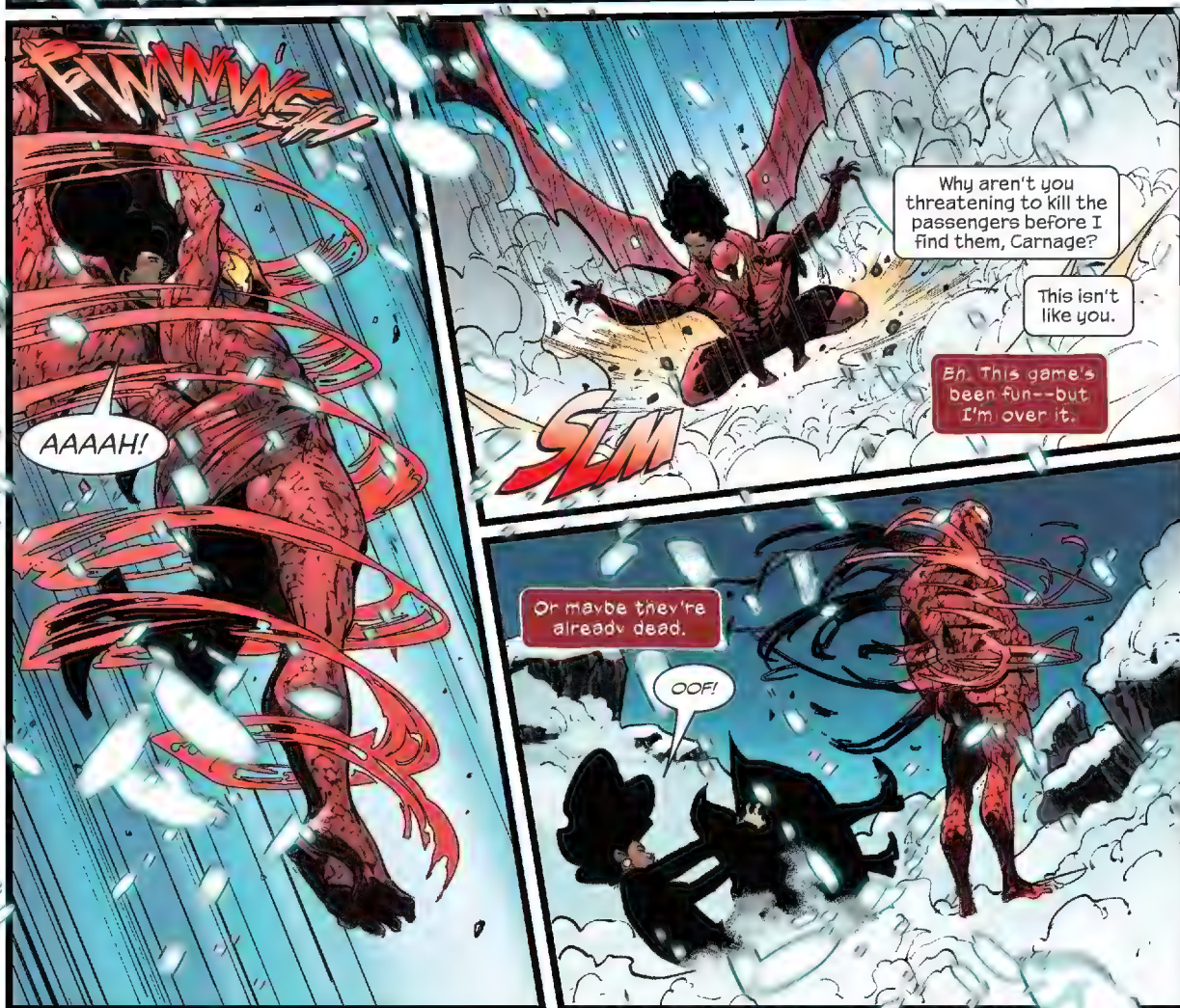


YOU OKAY BACK THERE? I THINK I'VE FOUND SOMETHING.

YOU'RE GONNA WANT TO HOLD ON.

HOLD ON?

HOLD ON TO WHAT?



AAAAH!

SLIM

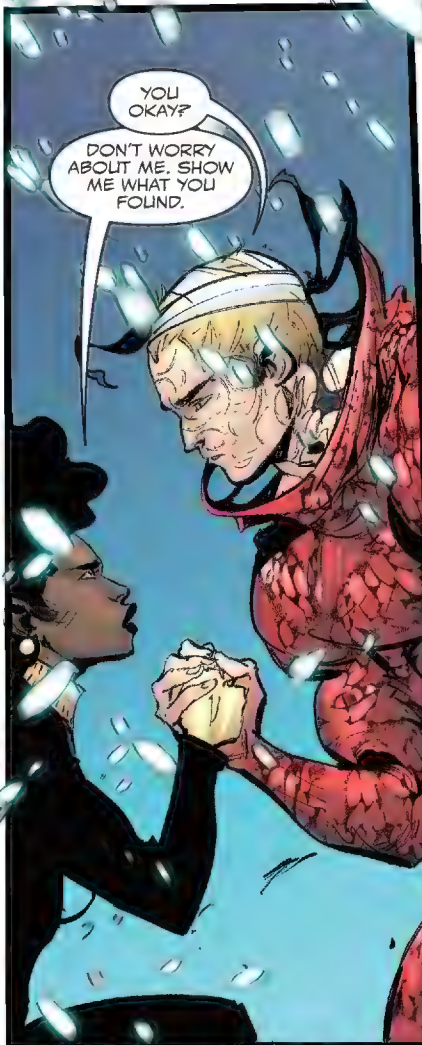
Why aren't you threatening to kill the passengers before I find them, Carnage?

This isn't like you.

En. This game's been fun--but I'm over it.

Or maybe they're already dead.

OOF!



YOU OKAY?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. SHOW ME WHAT YOU FOUND.



IT'S THIS WAY. I CAN SENSE... MYSELF.

THE SYMBIOTE MATTER CARNAGE USED TO PLACE THE PASSENGERS INTO SUSPENSION.

SO YOU DID DO THIS, BROCK.



NOT IN THE WAY YOU'RE THINKING, MISTY. I WOULD NEVER--



OH MY GOD.



ARE THEY...
ARE THEY STILL
ALIVE?

YES, I CAN
FEEL IT THROUGH
THE SYMBIOTE STUFF.
THEY'RE NOT DEAD,
JUST...OUT.

LET ME
BRING THEM
DOWN...THEN
I'LL WAKE
THEM UP.

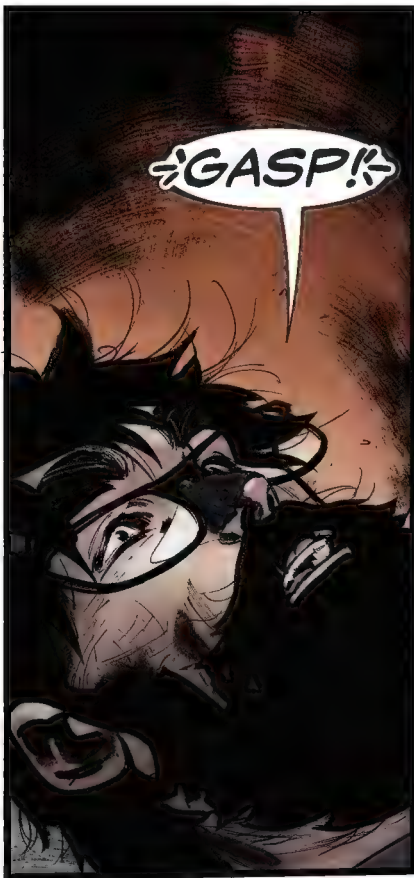
I'LL
CALL FOR
BACKUP.



You know she'll
never let you get
away with this,
don't you?

We'll get to
kill her. We'll
have to.

I know,
Carnage.



GASP!



THIS IS SPECIAL AGENT
MISTY KNIGHT OF THE
ABERRANT CRIMES
DIVISION.

I'VE LOCATED THE MISSING PASSENGERS. TRACK
MY SIGNAL AND CONVERGE ON MY LOCATION. WE'RE
GOING TO NEED MEDICAL UNITS--A LOT OF THEM.

THE PASSENGERS
ARE DISORIENTED,
PROBABLY DEHYDRATED.
I'LL SEE IF ANYONE HERE
HAS MEDICAL TRAINING--
THEY MIGHT BE
ABLE TO--



OH THANK
GOD.

ETTA! I
KNEW YOU
WERE ALIVE. I
KNEW IT!

...MISTY?

AGENT
KNIGHT? ARE
YOU STILL THERE?
WHAT'S--?



WHAT...
WHERE THE HELL
AM I? WHAT'S
GOING ON?

LAST THING
I REMEMBER, THIS
MAN, LIKE A MONSTER,
COVERED IN RED, LIKE
HE WAS COVERED IN
BLOOD, HE--

THAT WAS
EDDIE BROCK.
ALSO KNOWN AS
CARNAGE. DON'T
WORRY, HE WON'T GET
AWAY WITH WHAT HE
DID. HE'S RIGHT
OVER--



AH
CRAP.

You're hurting,
Eddie.

Whatever sedatives
they gave you have
worn off.

You were running on
adrenaline, but that's
gone now too.

See what doing
the right thing
gets you?

Only pain.

NNF!

Even if you get
away, you'll die
out here, Eddie.

And then I'll go
looking for someone
else to be.

Even if I can't find
anyone, even if I die
out here too, it'll
be worth it to--

GAH!



THAT'S FAR ENOUGH, BROCK.

I APPRECIATE YOU HELPING ME FIND MY COUSIN AND THE OTHER PASSENGERS-- BUT I'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS.

I'M TAKING YOU IN.

I told you you'd regret helping her, Eddie.

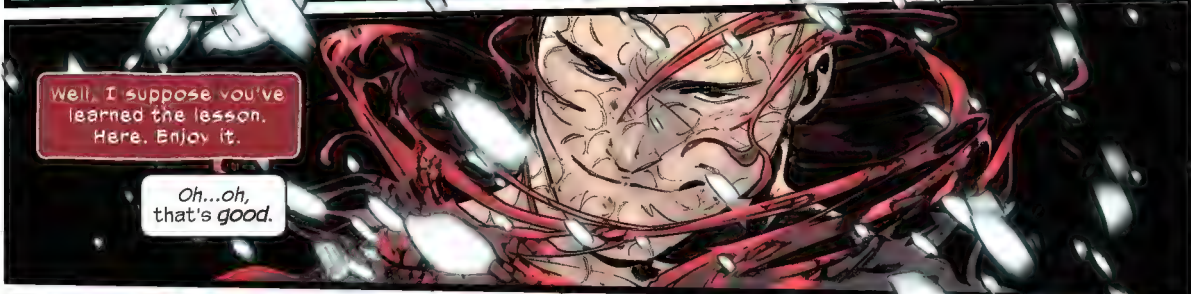


Carnage.

Please.

Ah. "Please."

What a lovely word.



Well, I suppose you've learned the lesson. Here. Enjoy it.

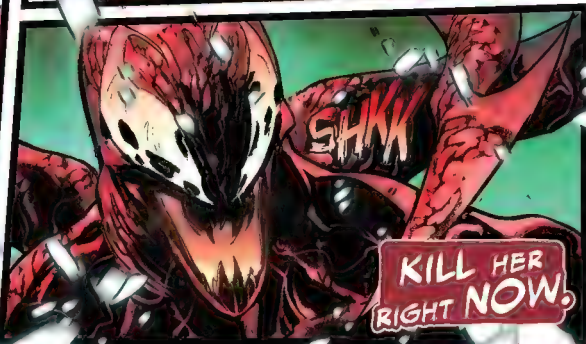
Oh...oh, that's good.



NNNGH!



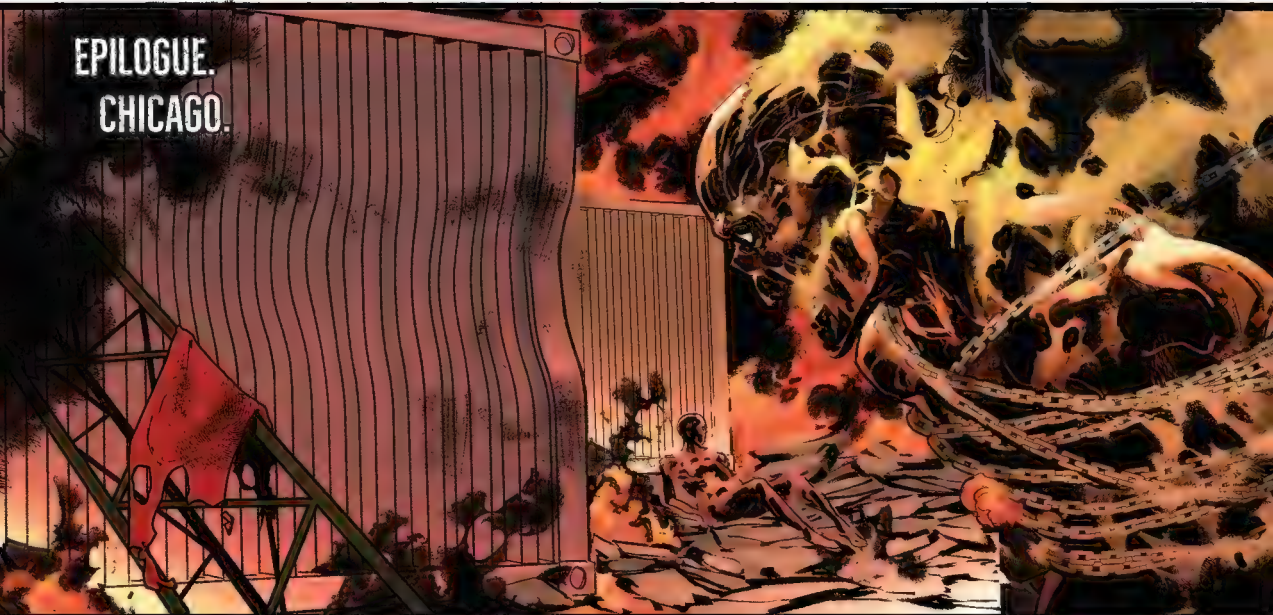
Kill her, Eddie.



KILL HER RIGHT NOW!



EPILOGUE.
CHICAGO.



KRNCH

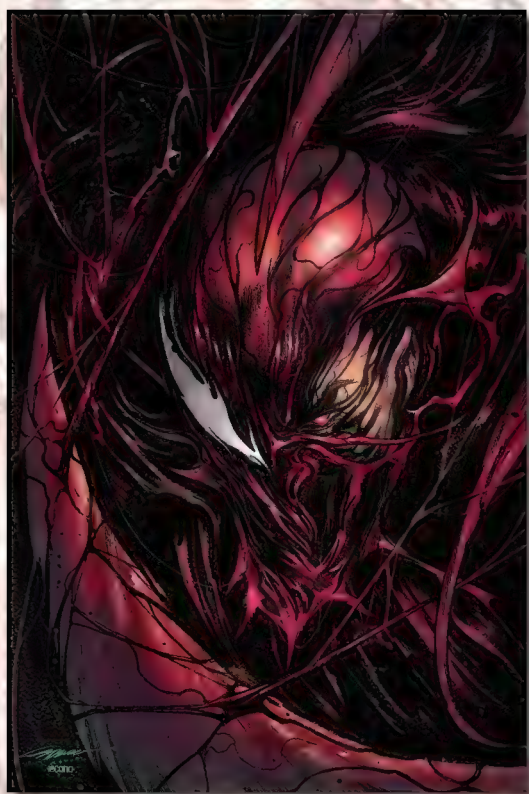


...YOU'RE
MY NEW
OBSESSION.

TO BE CONTINUED.



#1 FOIL VARIANT BY
MARK BAGLEY & RICHARD ISANOVE



#1 VARIANT BY
ALESSANDRO CAPPUCCIO & MATTIA IACONO



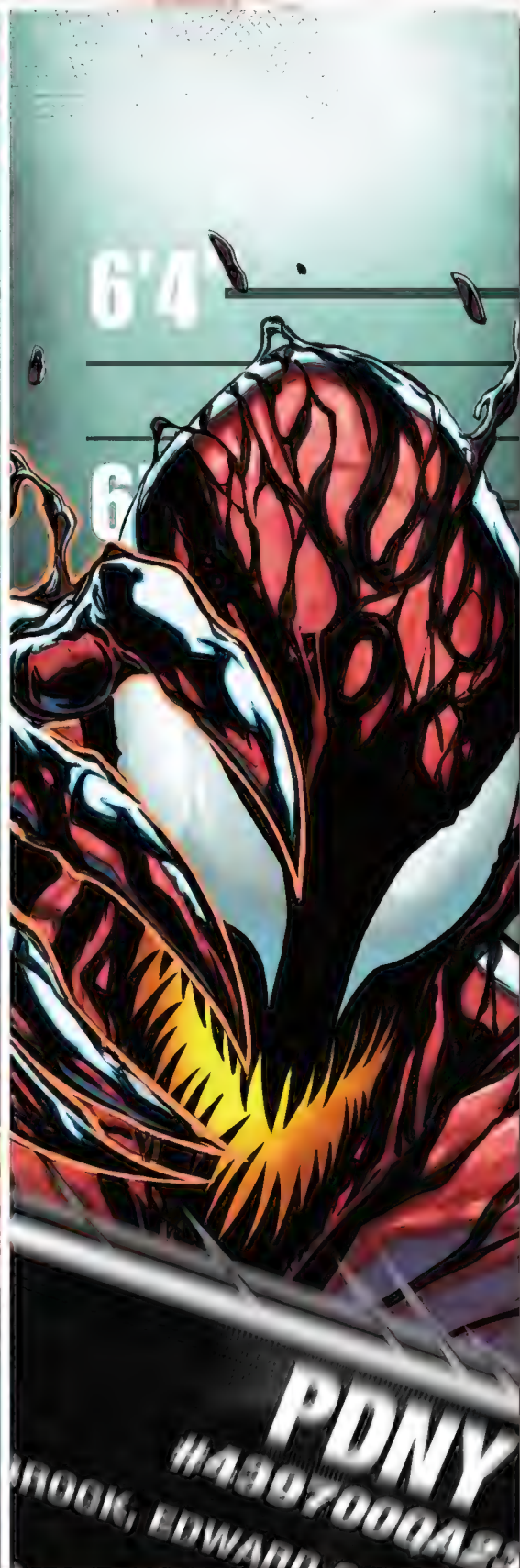
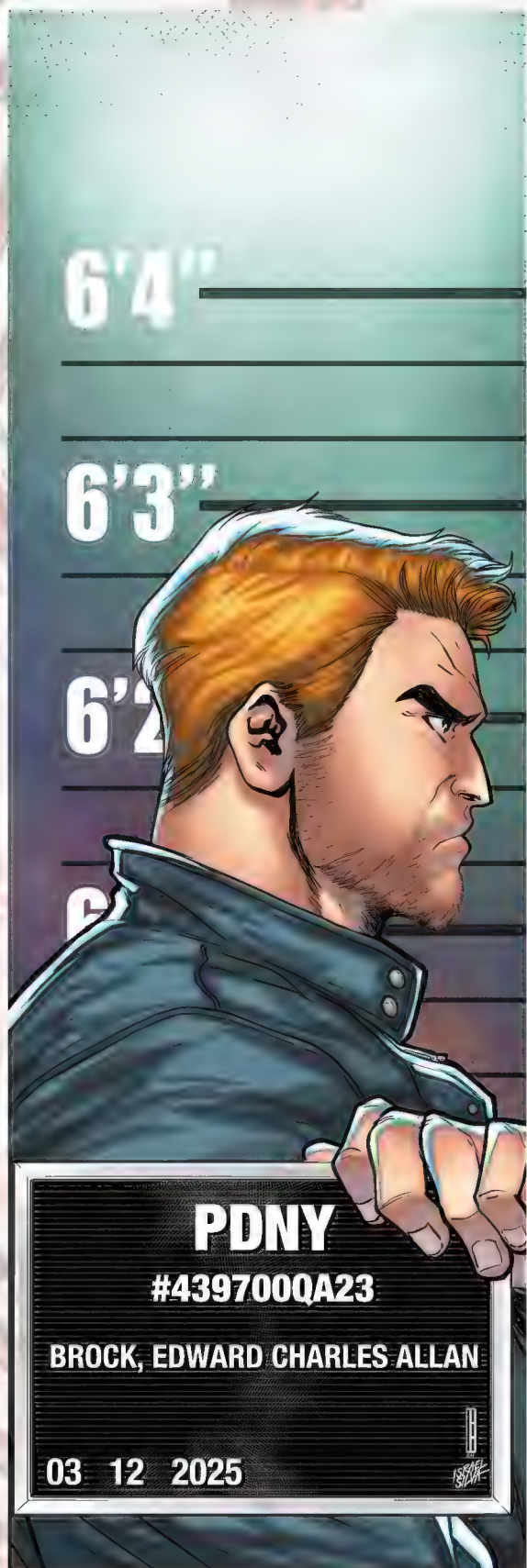
#1 VARIANT BY
ANDREI BRESSAN & CECI de la CRUZ



#2 VARIANT BY
ARIO ANINDITO

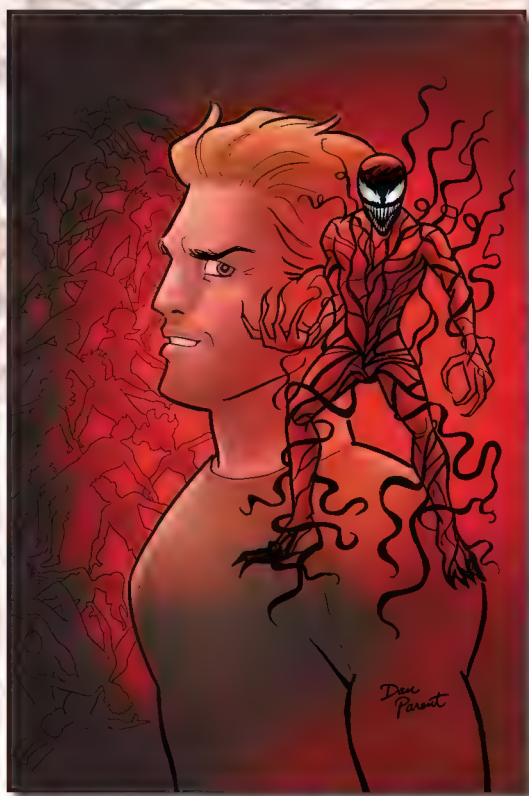


#2 VARIANT BY
ROGÉ ANTÔNIO & MARCELO MAIOLO





**#3 VARIANT BY
MIKE MAYHEW**



**#3 VARIANT BY
DAN PARENT & JIM CAMPBELL**



**#3 VARIANT BY
IVAN SHAVRIN**



#4 VARIANT BY
GLEB MELNIKOV & RUTH REDMOND



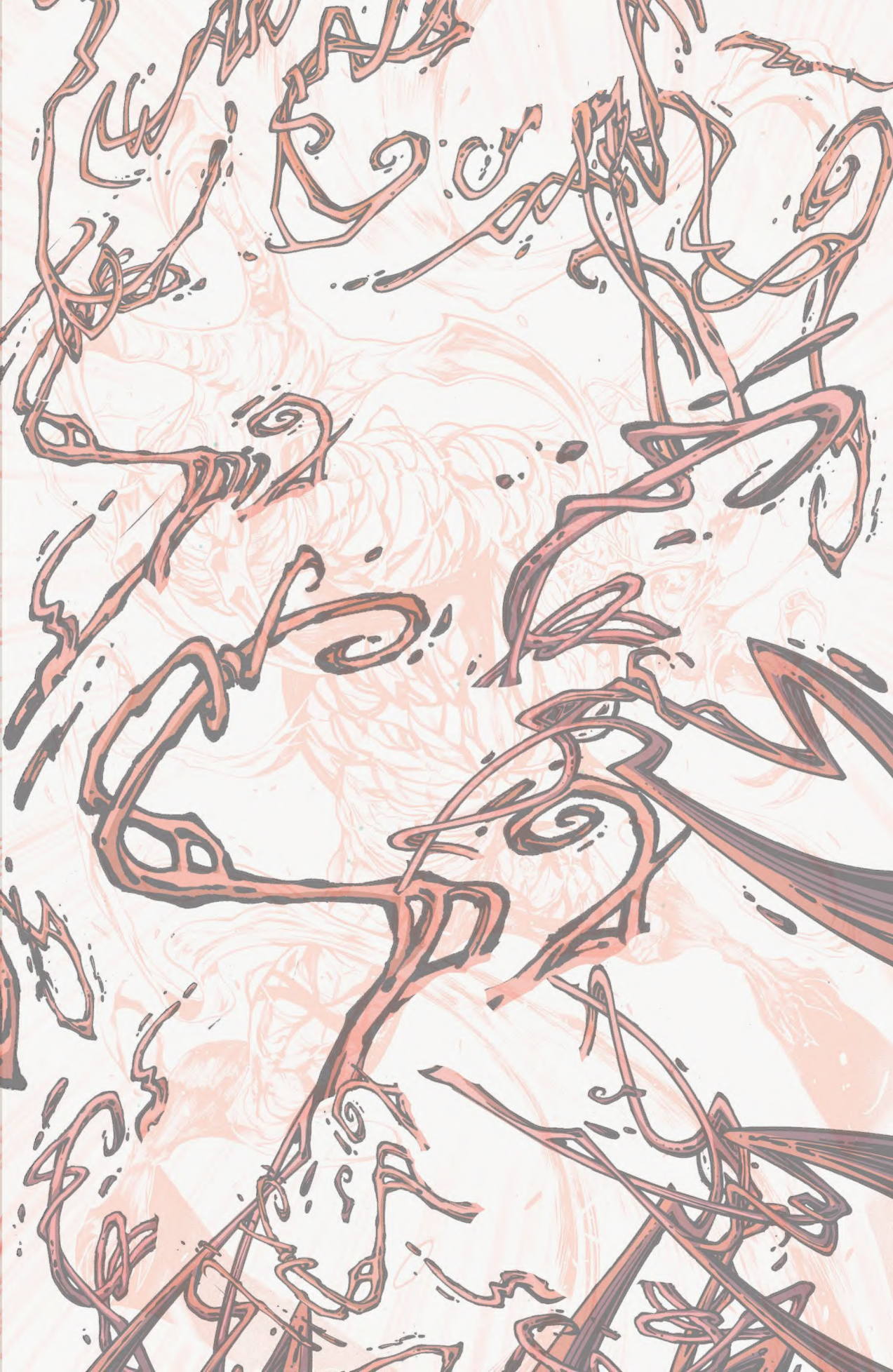
#4 VARIANT BY
SERGIO DÁVILA & BRYAN VALENZA



#5 BRING ON THE BAD GUYS VARIANT BY
NICK BRADSHAW & RACHELLE ROSENBERG



#5 VARIANT BY
JUAN FERREYRA



MARVEL

COLLECTED EDITIONS



Venom War

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